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## CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. **I**N the House of Lords, yesterday week, Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY introduced a Pistols Bill, which was in more than one respect an improvement on Mr. ASQUITH'S abortive measure, particularly in that it included the very dangerous things called toy-pistols—specimens of which (as well as boys damaged by them) were, it is said, produced to the edification and alarm of noble lords. The Bill was read a second time; as was one for removing certain troublesome formalities in regard to Colonial Officers' Leave.

Commons. The morning sitting of the Commons was one of alarms and excursions. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, after endeavouring to placate the Welsh by promising to read their Church-Robbing Bill a first time shortly, went away; but was fetched back, after the resumption of the Scotch Committee debate, with disastrous results to himself. The SPEAKER having intimated that Mr. COURTNEY, who was in possession of the House, was pursuing a course that seemed to him "inconvenient," Sir WILLIAM must needs interpose to accuse Mr. COURTNEY of being "out of order," only to draw on himself a pretty distinct snub from the SPEAKER—a snub of a kind very seldom encountered by a Leader of the House. He was afterwards rather roughly handled by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN also, and pleaded "great physical labour," while Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, wail echoing wail, declared that he hated the nasty thing called personality. These miserable men, however, may have been consoled by a feeble but faithful majority, which stuck to them in the various divisions, but could not get the main proposal through in time.

The evening sitting was allotted to the debate on Mr. MORTON'S motion for repudiating the national engagements with the Duke of EDINBURGH. The mover, Mr. LABOUCHERE, and Mr. STOREY spoke after their kind; the member for Sunderland, with more than his usual silliness, drawing a picture of the Duke's "troops," possibly "slaying men who had contributed to his allowance." On the other hand, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT spoke as befitted his position; Mr. BALFOUR made mincemeat of Mr. LABOUCHERE, who is willing

to waste half a million on payment of members and grudges ten thousand pounds to save the country from an act of meanness; and Mr. HUNTER, with whom we do not often agree, put in a very honest and downright fashion the simple truth, that it was a question whether promises to pay should be kept or broken. And the House (entirely unmoved by the prospect of a Coburg mercenary slaying Mr. STOREY) emphasized this view by 298 to 67.

Lords. On Monday the Royal Assent was given in the House of Lords to the Army Bill and the Behring Sea Bill; two new Peers, Lord RENDEL and Lord WELBY, took their seats; and Lord CORK had the unpleasant duty of describing how the threatened repeal of the Crimes Act, with Government support, and the introduction of the Evicted Tenants Bill, had resulted in the brutal murder of a caretaker on his own estate.

Commons. In the Commons Mr. GARDNER declined, as yet, to admit Canadian cattle unslaughtered, and the Budget was then resumed, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT moving the various resolutions consequent on it. These, with the exception of the Death-duty resolution, which was postponed, were agreed to. On the whole, however, the general impression as to the *viabilité* of the Budget was distinctly less favourable than last week, and, either as a cause or a result of this, Sir WILLIAM was in his most aggressive mood. He made an allusion to the price of the *Ansdei* Raphael, in reply to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, which was almost entirely without point, except as personal rudeness, jibed at the Kentish growers' fear of growing "thistles instead of strawberries," travestied Mr. GOSCHEN'S speech in a way which brought on him a pretty sharp rebuke from Mr. BALFOUR, told Mr. BARTLEY that "he [Sir WILLIAM] never thought it worth while to attack him," informed Mr. USBORNE that Mr. USBORNE "did not understand his own business," and flatly contradicted Mr. JACKSON. Yet this imitation of the manners of Mr. HEALY at a *Freeman's Journal* meeting did not assuredly prevent the spread of a general impression that the present Budget, excellent for hampering successors, would do the least possible good to the revenue or the country.

**Lords.** Several Bills were forwarded a stage in the Upper House on *Tuesday*.

**Commons.** In the Lower, Mr. LABOUCHERE and Sir CHARLES CAMERON obtained leave to bring in their measures for "crushing the infamous" in the shape of the House of Lords and the Established Church of Scotland. The rest of the evening was given up to the postponed resolution on the Death-duties, which was at length carried, completing the preliminaries. The discussion was hampered by the refusal of the Government to produce the calculations on which their scheme is based, but some very damaging criticisms were made. In a maiden speech—that of Lord WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY—there was not only wit in the inquiry whether ghosts were taxable heirlooms (on strict Democratic principles we have not the ghost of a doubt that they are), but solid sense in the demonstration that the proposed taxation must affect the management of estates by starving outlay in a way prejudicial, if not ruinous, to the national interest.

What is called in certain circles a "quiet day" was spent in the House of Commons on *Wednesday* on the Eight Hours Bill. The circumstances of this measure are more interesting than the measure itself; and the fact that the Government, refusing nominal responsibility for it, and admitting by the mouth of their head that they are at sixes and sevens on the subject, nevertheless sent out whips in its favour, exhibits the quaint disorganization of the politics of the moment better than almost anything else could do. The debate was not specially noticeable. A great deal was, of course, made of the MATHER experiment; Mr. ASQUITH declared, on his honour, that the Eight Hour pancakes would be excellent pancakes, and that the notion of a rise in the price of coal was naught, and so forth. But the whole talk was hollow, and the majority (obtained by Closure) of 281 to 194 probably bears no calculable relation either to the chances of the Bill or to the real opinion of the House in its favour.

**Lords.** Both Houses on *Thursday* were occupied with measures of the "go-to-the-country—"on-it" kind. That in the Lords, which was rejected by a majority of eleven, was concerned with the stale old question of altering the devolution of real property in case of intestacy. It has been pointed out a thousand times that any man can leave any land in his control as he will, and that if he leaves it to the law to distribute, he must be presumed to have accepted the law's distribution.

**Commons.** The Lower House enjoyed plentiful questions (one of which disclosed a truly perilous project of *ungrating* the Ladies' Gallery to the extent of one-third, while another revealed an awful state of things whereby the condensers of the Woolwich machinery are choked with whitebait) before proceeding to its own particular Bribery Bill—that for Welsh Disestablishment. It had been rumoured that the Government, knowing that there was no real chance of getting this through, had determined to give the Church-Robbers as much largesse—on paper—as possible. And accordingly it was found from Mr. ASQUITH's speech that no allowance was to be made for curates; that cathedrals with their precincts were not to be absolutely, but only on application and for use (perhaps, not even for exclusive use?), handed over to the disestablished Body; that Monmouthshire was impudently lumped in with Wales, and that the general destination of the plunder was to be "given to the poor"—for which it must be owned there is ancient precedent. The debate was not finished when the House adjourned.

**Politics out of Parliament.** With a letter of Sir HENRY HOWORTH's in the *Times* of Monday, concerning the support given by Unionists to the Government in the matter of the division on the Duke of EDINBURGH's allowance, we have the pleasure of disagreeing in every mood and tense of disagreement. That on such a subject it can ever be expedient (we say nothing about decency) for the Constitutional party to leave the Government of the day in the lurch because its own supporters attack it is an idea which we should have thought could never have occurred to any adult and intelligent person. The mere conjunction of Tory and Irish votes nine years ago, perfectly legitimate as it was in the circumstances, has done the Gladstonians (by dint of a little misrepresentation) more service since than it did them disservice at the time. Here no misrepresentation would be needed if Unionists, in a case of national honour so clear that even an out-and-out Radical like Dr. HUNTER recognized it, had let that honour drag in the mud to spite a Government.

The necessary arrangements having been at length completed, the appointment of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, in the room of the late Lord BOWEN, was formally announced on Tuesday morning, and was understood to carry with it the promotion of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL and the appointment of Mr. R. T. REID in his place. This would vacate Hackney, and necessitate re-election at Dumfries. The Lords of Appeal are now fairly strong, but will not, even in the judgment of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's political friends, be much strengthened by his accession. As for Mr. REID, he has long had the credit of being an excellent Latiner, racqueteer, cricketer, and person. Of his other qualifications we need not, perhaps, speak.

Lord ROSEBURY was twice in evidence on Tuesday. In the morning he received a deputation of coal owners in reference to the Eight Hours Bill, and prophesied smooth things unto them, while admitting that his colleagues were at sixes and sevens on the subject. In the evening he dined with the City Liberal Club, and prophesied still smoother things unto them, about the reunion of the party and Liberal "interest in our Empire." Mr. FLETCHER MOULTON was selected as the Gladstonian candidate for Hackney, where a good and well-tried Unionist, Mr. ROBERTSON, was already in the field.

**Ireland.** It is significant that Irish Moonlighters have once more plucked up courage to murder—the victim this day week being caretaker of an evicted farm.

It may be observed, in reference to the very highly coloured accounts of distress in the Arran Islands which Mr. CHANNING and others have given, that there appears to be very considerable doubt as to the facts; as, indeed, Mr. MORLEY's reply to a question on Thursday admitted. The recent bad weather has done much harm on the Irish coasts; and a local branch of the Irish Federation, with a Canon in the chair, has passed a rather uncanonical resolution to the effect that it would have been a blessing if the ship that carried Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. DILLON to Boulogne on a famous occasion "had sunk in mid-ocean." They meant "channel," but never mind.

**Foreign and Colonial Affairs.** On the morning of this day week the formal announcement of the betrothal of the CZAREWITCH to Princess ALIX of Hesse was made. Further news came of threatened resistance by the Swazis to the arrangement which would hand them over to be bullied and butchered by the Boers. Earthquakes in Greece, strikes in America, and a suggestion that New Zealand should take over the government of Samoa in the place of the present very unsatisfactory triple control, made up the budget.

The opening of a national exhibition at Alexandria by the KHEDEVE in the presence of his Ministers, of



Lord CROMER, Sir ELWIN PALMER, and of MOUKHTAR Pasha was announced on Monday morning. A manifesto from Admiral DE MELLO in Argentina seemed really to put an end to the Brazilian affair; and Marshal PEIXOTO was offering an amnesty. The Greek earthquakes were very serious, especially in Eubœa and the mainland on the other side of the Euripus. There was trouble in the Western United States with the "Industrial" trials, who were seizing trains and so forth, while in the Eastern the Pennsylvania coal strike was spreading widely. The Italian Parliament had affirmed the principle that retrenchment must not touch the navy, and a new Paris municipal loan of eight millions sterling (issued at two and a half per cent. only, but—according to the principle dear to foreign, but reprobated by English, finance—at a discount and with drawings at par) had been covered eighty-five times over. But it would be rash to conclude that there are actually seven hundred millions sterling waiting to be invested in France.

On Tuesday morning the "Industrials" and the coal strike were the chief themes of news from America, the damage done by the earthquakes (including a little to the Parthenon) was much talked of, a large Russian conversion scheme was announced, and it was said that the French and Belgian negotiations for delimitation on the Congo State frontier had been broken off. This last is a matter of importance, and should be capable of being utilized to English advantage.

Wednesday morning's foreign news was slight and unimportant.

Thursday brought more details about the Greek earthquakes, the United States troubles with the idle industrials, the failure of France and the Congo State to come to terms, and the groanings of some (not all) Germans at the idea of losing their faint and fractional hold on Samoa. But there was still very little of importance.

Details of the same subjects also continued yesterday morning, with some not wholly cheerful particulars of the health of Lisbon. The dominions of His Most Faithful Majesty seem to be under a run of bad luck of the most various kind just now.

**Meetings, Dinners, &c.** These have thickened with the approach of May, and this day week alone saw the Princess CHRISTIAN opening an "At Home of the Children's Salon"; the Duchess of ALBANY giving prizes to the Factory Helpers' Union; Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL presiding at the Lock Hospital Dinner, not to mention meetings of the National Lifeboat Institution, of Devonians in London, and others.

On Monday (St. George's Day) the LORD MAYOR gave a banquet at the Mansion House, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE presided over the Men's Sunday Union, at Stepney; and Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, addressing an audience of Baptists, allowed that "any clergyman of the Church of England under thirty-five was likely to be an energetic and good man." This is handsome; but it is a little hard on the thirty-sixers and upwards. Was the year 1859 such a turning-point? We know some excellent persons born in 1858, and even in the dark ages preceding.

The chief gatherings on Wednesday were the dinners of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy and of the Literary Fund. At the latter Lord ROBERTS presided, and made an interesting speech, at once extolling the power of literature in regard to his own department, and pointing out gently that the idea of Captain PEN cashiering Captain SWORD was slightly Utopian.

**The London County Council.** On Tuesday the rather respectable minority of 43 to 48 voted for putting an end to the miserable shabbiness of the London County Council, in reference to Sir PETER EDLIN, by increasing his salary to 2,000*l.*

**The Law Courts.** A cat-poisoner was fined this day week in North London.

Another Anarchist, FARNARA (or any other name he prefers), was brought up at Bow Street on Monday, and detailed with much relish his sanguinary intentions.

The fining of Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN at Shrewsbury on Wednesday for thrashing his horse in the hunting-field is rather "for thoughts." We think we may claim for ourselves, without maudlin philanthropy, or rather philozöy, as strenuous a desire as most people can boast that animals shall not be ill-treated. But really, if a man may not administer discipline to a rearing horse which has thrown him, the uncomfortable question "Where are you? What are you to do?" becomes painfully pressing.

**Racing.** The racing on Tuesday at Newmarket, though plentiful and not uninteresting, included nothing of much moment, and the chief event of Wednesday was the Babraham Plate, which was won well by Pensioner from Heremon and Zamiel. The Craven Stakes, the chief race of Thursday, were carried off by Sempronius.

**Sports.** A really fine professional sculling race was rowed on Monday from Putney to Mortlake, between BUBEAR and BARRY. That the former (much the older man) did the course in the fastest time on record, 21 min. 44 sec., was, no doubt, partly due to unusually favourable conditions of wind and tide. But the race itself was an excellent one, ding-dong all through, and the way in which the winner, outpaced for the greater part of the way, spurted and passed his opponent at last, was quite refreshing after the mostly dismal exhibitions of Thames professional sculling in late years.

On Tuesday Mr. CRAWLEY beat Sir EDWARD GREY at tennis by three sets to two, for the Queen's Club Amateur Championship Cup.

**Miscellaneous.** This day week Mr. TRAILL, at the Royal Institution, gave the first of two lectures on the rather difficult subject of "Literature and Journalism," and appears to have said, as might have been expected, "whot a owt to 'a said."

On Monday a very admirable snub from the Archbishop of CANTERBURY to the Dean of WINCHESTER was published, in reference to those "legitimate aspirations" of which we wrote last week, pointing out to "My dear Mr. Dean" that, if My dear Mr. Dean and Mr. SCOTT HOLLAND would not be quite in so great a hurry to take the wind out of the Bishops' sails, the Bishops would trim them to a just course all in good time. It fell a little short, as all things must, of the still more admirable epistle to another dear Mr. Dean by Bishop STUBBS when he was at Chester not very long ago. But we think St. AUGUSTINE chuckled—if they chuckle in Heaven—approvingly over his successor.

On Tuesday a Select Committee of the House of Commons passed a Bill, which, it is hoped, will settle the everlasting "Spinning House" disputes at Cambridge, on a basis similar to that which has prevailed for many years past at Oxford.

On Wednesday the intended loppings in Epping Forest were visited by a Committee of experts appointed by the Corporation, with the result that the woodman was bid spare that tree in every case for the present, though there was to be subsequent consideration. One may be glad of this, for intelligent neglect is, after all, your best forester, if not your neatest park-keeper.

**Obituary.** Lord EMLY (better known during the time of his political prominence as Mr. MONSELL) was an excellent man, and one of the best landlords in Ireland; despite which fact, and the other fact that

he joined the Church of Rome many years ago, his refusal to advocate the ruinous scheme of Home Rule subjected him to popular obloquy, in common with all the best men of his country.—Mr. J. S. FOULKES, Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, was once, like Lord EMLY, a convert to Rome; but, unlike him, returned to that branch of the Catholic Church in which he was born. Such vicissitudes commonly indicate either intellectual weakness or (as in the cases of CHILLINGWORTH and GIBBON) little depth of religious sentiment. But Mr. FOULKES was a man of very great piety, learning, scholarship, and vigour of mind; and, what is very rare, he succeeded in occupying the very difficult position of a "revert" without any error of either taste or judgment.—Herr SACHER-MASOCH (whose announced death has been contradicted, we hope truly) was not, perhaps, quite so well known in England as some other Continental novelists of less power than himself. The fresh and unfamiliar character of his general subject (the chiefly Jewish society of Galicia and the other provinces of Austria to the extreme East) no doubt gave him a usual and somewhat illegitimate advantage; but he knew (and we hope knows) well how to make the most of this.—Mr. McCULLAGH TORRENS was a very industrious and copious writer on political subjects, and for some time a practical politician of some note.

**Books.** This week has been a decidedly remarkable one for books. Mr. SWINBURNE'S *Astrophel* (CHATTO & WINDUS), Lord WOLSELEY'S *Marlborough* (BENTLEY), and, on a somewhat lower level, but still interesting, Mr. STOPFORD BROOKE'S elaborate study on *Tennyson* (ISBISTER), make a trio which certainly no one week has equalled since the New Year.

#### ROSEBERY THE RE-UNITER.

THE division of labour between the PRIME MINISTER and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is worthy of notice for its ingenuity. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT from his seat in the House of Commons fishes for votes in the constituencies; Lord ROSEBERY, who sits in the House of Lords, passes most of his time in angling for votes in the House of Commons. Of course, the latter sport differs as much in point of delicacy from the former as dry-fly fishing in a chalk stream differs from conger-catching out of a Margate boat. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER splashes in his heavy sea line anyhow, and without fear of frightening his intended catch. His only risk of failure is in the possibility that the bait may not be as attractive as he supposes; and, judging from the results of the acute Parliamentary criticism to which his Budget has been subjected this week, there seems some chance of that contingency being realized. The ingenious bribe of the Income-tax exemptions will be costly enough to the Exchequer, but whether it will be proportionately appreciated by those to whom it is offered remains to be seen. Certain it is that the vast sum which he proposes to remit under this head of revenue will be distributed in comparatively insignificant amounts over a very large body of persons, who may possibly pocket it without much benefit or any gratitude at all. Moreover, the experiment of attempting to buy votes out of Income-tax remissions is not one of auspicious history, as Sir WILLIAM'S late chief and master in finance would have reminded him; so that his "take" with this particular line and lure may turn out to be considerably below his expectations. As for the Estate-duties bait, that, too, looks a good deal less killing, in the light of recent statistics, than it did; and the disappointment of the Radical at discovering how much less than he had counted on is to be made out of the equalization of Succession-charges, as between real and

personal property, will do still more to take the gilt off the gingerbread of the "ingenious" Budget.

There is decidedly more pleasure of the artistic kind to be derived from watching Lord ROSEBERY'S piscatorial attempts upon the Liberal-Unionists. At the City Liberal Club the other night he seems to have applied himself with all the dexterity at his command to the task of capturing them. He tried dissociating them from their leaders, and hinted that there was a place of repentance for them if there was none for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE. He endeavoured to remove their distrust of the Little England party among his following, by assuring them that in his leadership they have "a guarantee that the flag of this country will not be lowered abroad." He sought to allay their fears of revolutionary Radicalism by much vague eloquence about the era of Liberalism having passed away, and the "era of reconstruction" being at hand. In fact, he did everything but reassure them on the one point on which they most desire reassurance and have had least of it. Here, unfortunately for him, he had to stop short and draw the line. He has once tried the experiment of overstepping it, and the results were not such as to encourage a repetition of the adventure. There is to be no more talk, it is quite evident, about the "predominant member" of the partnership; and since people so obstinately refused to recognize that famous deliverance as a "platitude" (partly, perhaps, because its author had himself described it as a "considerable admission") it was absolutely necessary on this occasion to confine oneself to language which no one could possibly describe by other than that unexciting name. If this was the line of oratorical tactics which Lord ROSEBERY had marked out for himself, we are bound in candour to admit that he followed it with exactitude. No one could reasonably take exception to the remark that "the Irish question, like all great questions in this happy country, is sure to be settled sooner or later by the universal good sense of the people." This no doubt is true; but it is most certainly one of those truths that "do not over-stimulate." Who are the "people" by whom this universal good sense is to be displayed Lord ROSEBERY does not say. It reminds one of

God bless the King! God bless the Faith's defender!  
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender.  
Who that Pretender is, and who that King,  
God bless us all! is quite another thing.

We hardly think that any Liberal-Unionist will be in a hurry to rush back to the camp on the strength of this assurance.

Nevertheless, Lord ROSEBERY will evidently find some difficulty in adding to its strength. He has probably become conscious before this of the extreme and unflattering vigilance with which every movement he makes is being watched by more than one section of his followers; or, if not, the results of this latest step will soon acquaint him with the fact. The Radical is already grumbling even at the very mild overtures made, as above described, to the Liberal-Unionists, and is brutally asking whether it is the part of an army to halt for the purpose of picking up stragglers, or the duty of the stragglers to mend their pace and their ways, and endeavour to catch up their comrades. But, of course, the most serious trouble that he has to fear is from his Irish. For the moment it does not appear that their strong and unconcealed suspicions of the PRIME MINISTER have been sensibly quickened by these latest coquettings with Unionism; but that may be because the intestine and, let us hope, internecine quarrels of the Nationalists seem at this particular juncture to have reached their acutest phase. "There can be no doubt," says a calm observer, surveying the situation a few days ago, "that there



"are now three Irish National parties." And, indeed, when we read the resolutions passed by one group of McCarthyites (if that forlorn name is still in political use) against another group, it does seem as if this were so. Thus, under "the presidency of the well-known Canon DOYLE," a local branch of the so-called Irish Federation has just been moved to declare that "we would have regarded it as a blessing to the country had the ship that carried JOHN DILLON and W. O'BRIEN sunk in mid-ocean." That is an utterance which distinctly points to a tension of relations between the Healyite and Dillonite groups; and when we further find that the Healyites have not been drawn any nearer to the Redmondites, but, on the contrary, that they denounce the "*Parnellite Independent*" as strongly as the "*hamstrung Freeman*," and describe both alike as "vile papers," the existence of "three Irish National parties" seems sufficiently established. To doubt it, indeed, would be scepticism run mad.

Still this triangular duel may only temporarily engross the attention of those allies whom Mr. ASQUITH seems so much more ready than his chief to clasp to his heart. Lord ROSEBERRY would undoubtedly find, if he went further than commonplaces about the "universal good sense of the people," that, for all the merry faction-fight going on among them, Redmondites, Dillonites, and Healyites had pricked up their ears at his words, and were watching him "out of the tail of their eye." Let him only try the experiment, and we will guarantee him an uncomfortable result from it. From the manoeuvres to which he is at present confining himself he cannot, of course, expect any result at all. He has not "stirred a fin" among the Liberal-Unionists, and is not likely to do so without giving them just that "something much more definite," in the way of recantation of Gladstonian Separatism, which his Separatist colleagues and followers would not for a moment tolerate. The situation may be as trying as that of MAHOMET'S coffin; but we cannot doubt that the party whom Lord ROSEBERRY is courting will remain suspended "between the heaven of the Tory party and the earth of the Liberal party" until that planet's attraction ceases to be overcome by the repulsive force of Gladstonian Home Rule. They are not likely to gravitate towards the earth of the Liberal party while that force continues to operate; and Lord ROSEBERRY, as has already been proved, is not strong enough to resist it. Why he should go on calling attention to this fact, as he must needs do by persevering in advances to the Liberal-Unionists which, from the very nature of the case, it is impossible for him to follow up, is one of the many mysteries of the situation. It is, however, not more mysterious than that other, and antecedent, question, why the PRIME MINISTER thus goes on sitting at the card-table, idly trifling with his hopeless hand, when everybody can see, and he himself must know, that his only chance of being able to play the game he apparently wishes to play is to throw up his cards and have a new deal.

#### THE HANGING-UP OF UGANDA.

IT is improbable that many nasty cynics were present at the City Liberal Club dinner to Lord ROSEBERRY. The absence of the Unionist members must probably have sifted the Club down to a decent level of docility and dulness. But if any man of wit lingered, it must surely have occurred to him that the dealings of the Government with the Uganda question were an odd commentary on the PRIME MINISTER'S glowing boast of Liberal "love for our Empire," and his hopes that in that love would be found the spell of reconciliation between the two sections of the party, just as the angelic infant unites the estranged papa and mamma

in sweetly sentimental fiction. It is true that Lord ROSEBERRY'S Government might have done much worse than it has done; for it has kept Uganda, and not thrown it away. It is true also that, considering what some of Lord ROSEBERRY'S colleagues and some of his followers are, it may be argued that it is better to let him act in private than to let them have the opportunity of comment in public. But this last is a very double-edged excuse, and the mere fact of the constant postponement of the Uganda debate, and of a full statement of the intentions of the Government, is eloquent enough. That debate and that statement, promised for more than a week ago, have been postponed and postponed in favour of the most trivial matters, of the most transparent sops to sulky subordinates. Partly its inherent absurdity and insufficiency, and partly the ghastly mess which Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN made of it, rendered the Scotch Grand Committee proposal utterly futile; yet Uganda was postponed to it once and again. Even those who do not think the Welsh Disestablishment an iniquitous attempt to commit theft first, with a view to committing bribery afterwards with the proceeds, know perfectly well that any time spent on it during this session is time more utterly wasted than if the House of Commons agreed to adjourn and play at skittles in the nearest good dry ground. Yet this again has been allowed to elbow out the question what firm steps are going to be taken to secure the very last considerable purchase which, except at the cost of war, the Earth-Sibyl has still left to offer England.

In the absence, however, of gracious remarks from Mr. LABOUCHERE, and of the interesting spectacle of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT moving votes for the very same purpose as the votes which he distinguished himself a year or two ago by baffling and thwarting, the subject itself retains importance and interest enough. Our present desire is chiefly to lay stress on the possible danger of dissension about the means between those who had much better combine to make sure of the end. A communication to the *Times* of Monday on the subject was interesting; it contained much truth, and was evidently informed by knowledge; but it was somewhat tainted by the frequent foible of "those who have been there"—the foible of insisting too much on particular theories of irregular verbs. What is really wanted, and what we feel pretty sure Lord ROSEBERRY knows to be wanted, whether he feels himself strong enough to propose it or not, is a British Commissionership, with "sphere" extending from Mombassa to Lake Tchad, and from the Mahdist regions to the frontier of the Congo State. That this can be best secured by fixing British power firmly between the two Nyanzas we do not believe that anybody who knows the geography and history of the question thoroughly will dispute. Beside such establishment, with the provision of connexion of some sort with the sea, questions as to the exact status of the British East Africa Company, of the Sultanate of Zanzibar, and of the squadron on the coast become for the moment mere details. We have them all in our own hand and can settle them at any time without reference to outsiders and as it may best suit ourselves. The larger and more important matter above referred to is not in the same case. It is still in our power to decide it as we like; but it is impossible to say how long it may be so. The recent agreement between France and Germany as to the Hinterland of the Cameroons made arrangements, *ultra vires* as we believe on the part of both nations, and certainly agreeing but ill with their previous compact with England. Their private arrangements do not bind us in the least; and, as neither nation has the slightest pretensions to actual dominion on the east of Lake Tchad, we can do as we like there at present—but for how long no man

can say. Again, the reported disagreement between France and Belgium as to the delimitation between the French Congo and the Congo Free State offers an opportunity, such as perhaps may never return, for coming to a satisfactory understanding with King LEOPOLD with reference to the movements of his subjects on the Ubangi-Welle, and in the direction of the Nile. It is in the very last degree improbable that the slightest real objection, apart from the grumbling of Chauvinist "Colonials," would be made to our making all these points good if we once establish a real dominion on the central point of the inter-lacustrine hills and valleys, and connect it with a basis on the coast. These are the things to do at once; the rest we can do at our leisure.

#### THE YANKEE BLANKETEERS.

THE stories of American papers are seldom—indeed, hardly ever—as amusing as the fictions of PIR; but they are always as far from the actual fact. The bloodhounds are for ever being fed out of silver baskets and the banners being waved in that happy land, if the papers are to be trusted. But on further information it commonly turns out that the tea-party was a tame, or even depressing, affair. It is as well to keep this common observation in mind when reading accounts of the doings of the Yankee Blanketeers marshalled by the enterprising Mr. COXEY, of Ohio. We hope it is true that five hundred men from Butts, Montana, have seized a train, and have careered wildly through Dakota and down the Yellowstone River, pursued by Sheriffs and the United States army. But it sounds too good to be true, even though it has been since announced that the train has been caught. It would also be exhilarating to learn that Mr. COXEY, who is by occupation a horsecopper, said it was all the fault of the Government and the "shortage of money," which is their doing, when he only realized 145 dollars for a horse which he expected to sell for a thousand. The sentiment is so human and the expression so candid. Many men agree with Mr. COXEY that it is all the fault of the Government and the shortage of money, which we take to be American for an old, well-known, and too often incurable, disease. There are our bimetallicists, who see eye to eye with Mr. COXEY, though they do not put the case quite so simply. Perhaps, also, this is an invention of the enemy, and only an interpretation of Mr. COXEY of Ohio.

The march of the unemployed to Washington is a much less imposing demonstration than was promised. Shortage of money, aided by vagabondage, has not been able to bring a hundred thousand unemployed to the capital. Six thousand is, it seems, to be the figure expected to be reached by those who survive the fatigues of the road. It is a long and trying journey, on foot, from the West to the District of Columbia; and the resource of seizing trains has its drawbacks. Only a portion of those who start can be expected to get to the end of the journey. The demonstration is, in itself, a natural thing enough, for which there are many precedents. Much better educated people than the unemployed of the Western States have a firm belief that the Government can make everybody comfortable, and that if it fails the cause is to be found in its unwillingness to do its duty. Besides, this is what the unemployed have been told, and not only in the United States of America. The Democrats have assured the sovereign people that if they are put in office labour shall be instantly and notably benefited. The Republicans have been profuse in assurances that their tariff legislation was wholly designed for the good of American labour. American labour knows by

experience that the millennium has not supervened, and is candidly indignant. So it hits upon the happy idea of going to headquarters and summoning "Government" to be as good as its word. Probably it believes that nobody ever did this sort of thing before. In the meantime, the politician continues to play his game as before. The majority of the Senate votes that it will not receive the Coxeyite petitioners on the ground that they are disorderly persons. But the minority of Republicans, delighted with anything which embarrasses a Democratic administration, has appointed a committee to receive them. No doubt labour will be profusely fooled, and the politicians will not fail to impress on it the certainty that all will be well if the proper ticket is voted at the next Presidential election. After which labour, as we venture to predict, will find that everything goes on as before.

The coal strike is a more serious sign of the discontent of the working class in the country where the people is truly sovereign. Radicals who are prepared to explain our own difficulties in the same industry as all produced by the greed of the owners of royalties, may observe that some three-fourths or so of the miners in the Union are on strike for more pay. The living wage is apparently as hard to obtain there as here. This strike, like the last, is marked by the usual violence. It may be remembered that, when there was last trouble in the American mining districts, the disturbance almost reached the importance of a civil war. There seems to be every probability that the present strike will be no more peaceful than others have been. The Governor of Alabama has already called out the militia to defend the convict mining camp. It is one of the most healthy signs for America that there is very little squeamishness about the use of force to suppress disorder, when at last authority does take it in hand. What is less creditable is that disorder should so frequently reach the point at which it needs to be forcibly suppressed. There have been half a dozen squalid little local civil wars in the States within about as many years; all of them, be it observed, arising out of the sufferings, or at least the disappointments, of the working class. Universal suffrage and the absence of an aristocracy do not appear to have achieved Paradise for the people in the United States.

#### THE LAMENTATIONS OF SIR W. HARCOURT.

THE question Who is the author of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S Budget? is by no means as simple as that which concerned the paternity of ZEBEDEE'S children. Mr. GOSCHEN rather maliciously let out the secret. The Budget has for several years been at the disposal of any Chancellor of the Exchequer who might be disposed to take it. It was offered to Mr. GOSCHEN himself, who did not see his way to accepting it. It is a favourite scheme of the Inland Revenue Board. In the form in which the proposal for graduated death-duties was tentatively suggested to Mr. GOSCHEN it bore the closest resemblance to the scheme which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has produced. He has introduced only such changes as that made in MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT'S design of the grammar school by Mr. PECKSNIFF, whose reputation as an architect rested upon precisely the same basis as that which supports Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S fame as a financier, bold annexation and colourable modification. Mr. PECKSNIFF put in a new window, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has slightly modified the scale, substituting here  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for 4 per cent., and 6 per cent. for  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. there. Every one knows, of course, that Ministers of State owe indefinite obligations to the permanent officials of their departments. But in the case of



a great Chancellor of the Exchequer it is supposed to be the function of the Revenue departments to work out in details general projects which have originated in the financial genius of the Minister. The Inland Revenue may be congratulated on the realization in their case of the somewhat doubtful doctrine that everything will come to him who knows how to wait. They have been waiting for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. His necessity has been their opportunity. A Chancellor of the Exchequer who could not make a Budget for himself has been glad to accept a Budget ready-made to his hand.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT met this disclosure in his sublimest manner. He really deserved for once the epithet of magnificent which Lord ROSEBURY has bestowed on him. He reached the heights of the moral mock-heroic. He did not excuse himself, as he very well might have done, for allowing others to do for him what he could not do for himself. He reproached his predecessor for not labouring under a similar incapacity. In declining with thanks the scheme which the Inland Revenue Board had been hawking about for years, Mr. GOSCHEN has been guilty of the grand refusal. Dropping easily into Italian poetry, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT stigmatized him as

Colui  
Che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto.

It is a question with the commentators who the chief of the crew of the wretches, hateful alike to God and His enemies, whose torments in hell DANTE contemplated, was. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT sees in the passage a prediction of the crime and punishment of Mr. GOSCHEN. It is not surprising that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT should feel that he has had enough of the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that in reply to the suggestion thrown out by Mr. JACKSON that a year hence he might not occupy his present position, he should have ejaculated in heartfelt tones, "I sincerely hope not, most sincerely." He will be content with the fame and name of Single-Budget HARCOURT, for the penny in the Income-tax Budget of 1893 was automatic. Nor are his repeated and usually successful attempts to bolt from the House of Commons, leaving Sir JOHN HIBBERT to act as caretaker, wonderful. He was stopped on Tuesday in the act of stealing away by Mr. BARTLEY. "One must have some rest," he pathetically exclaimed. "I thought I might take it at this time. I require some refreshment. Really the personal discourtesy to which I am subjected is such that I must protest against it." We sincerely hope that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER got both rest and refreshment, when only half an hour afterwards, as we learn with pleasure from the Parliamentary timetable of the *Times*, the Chairman adjourned for the usual interval and mutton chop. The Budget has evidently got upon his nerves. On a former occasion he rose in the interest of good manners to denounce Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S protest against his habitual absenteeism. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, it is true, cannot be in two places at once, and the place in which by preference he is not is what in Parliamentary language is called his place. On Tuesday he gave Mr. BARTLEY a lesson in courtesy by saying, "I never thought it worth while to attack you." One would think from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S wailings and moanings that he was the first Chancellor of the Exchequer who had ever introduced a Budget or led the House of Commons. Much allowance, no doubt, is to be made for a rhetorician struggling with his own ignorance of finance; and, perhaps, his presence is too much insisted on. Sir JOHN HIBBERT would really do as well.

#### THE EIGHT HOURS BILL.

BY far the most candid speech delivered in support of the Mines Eight Hours Bill on Wednesday was made by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who began by honestly confessing that he could not argue in a philosophical way or chop logic on various economical problems. This is undoubtedly the style in which to approach an Eight Hours Bill with a comfortable confidence. Nothing enables a politician to support with confidence a Bill which is asked for by four hundred thousand voters better than a satisfied, not to say boastful, ignorance of the subject. Lord RANDOLPH was in a large company, though no member of it was as outspoken as himself. A determination not to argue the question at all, but to keep to round assertion (Lord RANDOLPH must excuse us for this rude interpretation of his pretty phrase), was highly convenient for the wordy sentimentality of Mr. ROBY, the flippant sentimentality of Mr. BIRRELL, bubbling over with the milk of human kindness, as usual, and the lofty sentiments of Mr. BAYLEY, who thought "there were higher things than purely financial and business considerations which this House ought to keep in view in discussing a question like this." As Mr. BAYLEY appears to have really used the word "ought," he probably did not mean the Trade-Union vote by that imposing phrase "higher considerations." He only intended to say that, when a Bill is brought in purporting to be for the good of somebody, a kind gentleman will vote for it at once without defiling the purity of his virtue by base practical considerations. Mr. BAYLEY is on the very crest of the wave of altruism.

Yet, after all, there is a good deal of business in the question whether it is wise to limit the hours of labour in a great industry, and force a large proportion of those who live by it to work otherwise than they wish. A measure of that kind may well affect the whole trade of the country, and it is not a self-evident proposition that the change will be wholly for good. Those of us who ask for something better than round assertion that all will be well have some excuse. There is nothing else to be had from the great majority of supporters of the Bill, unless we make an exception for such arguments as this, that Mr. BRIGHT was wrong in thinking that the Factory Acts would diminish the output, and that therefore (the deduction follows inevitably) no limitation of the hours of work, or, indeed, any other interference with trade, can possibly have that effect. It may be allowed that one of the supporters of the Bill did dwell on a business consideration, and a very important one, for it has great influence with the Miners' Federation. Mr. KEIR HARDIE pooh-poohed all fears of foreign competition, because no other nation can supply itself fully with coal, and because, therefore, we command the market. In this case one really does not see why the miners should stop at eight hours—why it should not be proposed to reduce the hours to two, say, or less, diminish the output and increase the price in proportion. If foreign and English consumers, too, must have the coal whatever the charge for it, there is no reason for not taking the full benefit of the position of monopolists. If this is not so, then there is some point at which price and demand come in to impose conditions. The question is, whether it is not more safe to abstain from interference by legislation, lest we should disturb that delicate balance. But this is a business consideration worthy only of those who sacrifice the working classes to paragraphs in ADAM SMITH—to quote the, perhaps, most absolutely silly phrase used in a silly debate. Mr. HARDIE, be it observed, had nothing to say about the iron mines, which would be affected by such a Bill as this, and are suffering severely from foreign competition. It is characteristic that he and other speakers would look at nothing but the demand

of one body of men who do not care what loss is inflicted on others if they themselves profit.

The attitude of the Ministry towards the Bill was described by Mr. ASQUITH in words which are, we dare say, reasonably approximate to the truth. Some members of the Cabinet, including himself, are hearty for the Bill. Some are so firm the other way that it has been thought better to maintain an attitude of impartiality. The Parliamentary advantages of the course are obvious. By patronizing the Bill the Cabinet keeps the Trade-Union vote safe. By not patronizing it too much it averts domestic unpleasantness, which would be peculiarly unwelcome just now. The attitude may not be dignified, but the politicians who take it are fairly well kept in countenance on both sides of the House. As Mr. GERALD BALFOUR pointed out, there are many members who do not mind earning a little popularity by "affirming the principle," with a secret intention of making it harmless by voting for Local Option later on. The small cunning of the calculation is more obvious than its chance of success, but it was worthy of this House and of the occasion. The sentimentalists, the brutal spokesmen of the Trade-Unions, the hedging Ministry, and the thimble-rigging members, combined to produce a thoroughly typical Wednesday afternoon.

#### INOPPORTUNE MOONLIGHTING.

THERE has never been a more inopportune person than the Irish assassin. From the lamented JOE BRADY, the patriotic Skin-the-Goat, and the other historic heroes of the Phoenix Park murders, down to the village ruffian who, after a novitiate of cattle-maiming, graduates in agrarian crime by making one of a strong party to slay a lonely land-grabber, they are all alike. They have not the slightest feeling for the appropriate in times or seasons; and though their entrances upon the stage are effective enough from a dramatic point of view, they are made in entire disregard of all political "cues." It would, for instance, be impossible to imagine anything worse timed than the sudden appearance on the scene of the little band of brutal wretches who have just beaten to death the unfortunate caretaker, DONOVAN, at Glenlara, on Lord CORK's estate. To judge by the accounts at present to hand, there seems to have been no particular reason why this cowardly crime should have been committed at this precise moment. The unhappy victim seems to have been long enough in charge of the holding to have rendered himself obnoxious to his ruffianly neighbours by taking part in four distress levies; and, for all that appears, their deed of blood might have been done and forgotten by this time were it not for the Irish agrarian criminal's incorrigible habit of delaying action till the moment when it will be most embarrassing to his Parliamentary friends and to the Government which is prolonging a disgraceful existence by the support of their votes. A month sooner, and the outrage would have blown over before it became Mr. MORLEY's double duty to introduce a Bill for the relief of the class of men who commit murder because they have been justly thrust forth from their homes as a punishment for attempted robbery, and to support a Bill to deprive the Executive of the only effective means of bringing them to justice.

Every detail, moreover, of this shocking affair might almost seem to have been designed to rebuke and confound the Minister whom the base exigencies of party have allied with the patrons and instigators of outrage. A mocking fate could hardly have arranged the circumstances more aptly for a complete demonstration of the fact that all the evils which the Crimes Act was

passed to combat exist and are flourishing in undiminished vigour. The evidence of the man KENEALLY, the brother of the evicted tenant, and the fellow-occupier of the holding with the murdered caretaker, shows plainly enough to those who have studied it with any attention how absolute was his subjection to the terror which prevails in the district. "He was disturbed in his sleep, he said, by noises on the night of the murder, and, after listening for a while, he understood that Moonlighters had come. He opened the door, and, looking out, saw one man on the road. His brother said it might be dangerous for him to go out, and he accordingly went to bed. There he remained listening, and the Moonlighters came back again. They were rapping at DONOVAN's door, and he afterwards heard three revolver-shots fired in the air. He thought they were only 'frightening DONOVAN,' and apparently was conscious that anyhow they had succeeded in frightening him; for he adds that he 'made no more of it.' In the morning he went to see DONOVAN and found him all covered with blood. The wretched man asked to be left alone. Witness sent for a doctor and a priest, and fed DONOVAN with a spoon, but he died at eight o'clock. The 'finest peasantry in the world' had beaten the poor fellow to death with the stock of a gun. Mr. MORLEY was asked the other night whether, in view of these facts, he would use all the powers of the Crimes Act in order to detect the authors of this savage crime, and answered that he 'did not think that Act applies.' This, we presume, also answers Lord LONDONDERRY's inquiry whether the Government will 'reconsider their avowed policy of repealing the only Act capable of dealing with agrarian 'crime in Ireland.' If the Act does not apply, Ministers naturally see no reason for reconsidering the policy of repealing it. Is it, therefore, to be assumed that in Mr. MORLEY's opinion the 'ordinary law' does apply? And if so, will he state his grounds for believing in its efficiency? The police have up to the present made no arrests, and judging from the character of KENEALLY's evidence, we cannot say we are surprised to hear it. We are only curious to know what are the CHIEF SECRETARY's reasons for believing, if he does believe, that in a district in which KENEALLY's condition of mind may be taken, we suppose, to be fairly typical, there is the least probability that the police will be assisted to capture the murderers, or that, if captured, a jury will be found to convict them.

#### THE WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT BILL.

THURSDAY'S doings in the House of Commons supplied a worthy pendant to Wednesday—that is to say, both were devoted to fishing Bills, brought in not to pass, but to catch votes or keep them safe. It is a detail of no significance that the Eight Hours Bill was introduced by a private member. The fact that the Ministry preferred to patronize Mr. ROBY rather than adopt his measure does not create a material difference, unless it be that two classes of supporters were fished for on Wednesday and only one on Thursday. Mr. ASQUITH made no attempt to disguise the nature of the work he was engaged on. He acknowledged that his Bill was not expected to pass this Session, and the characters both of the measure and of the speech in which it was introduced are eloquent witnesses to the freedom enjoyed by a Minister who can promise with an encouraging confidence that he will not be called upon to perform.

The detailed criticism which Mr. ASQUITH deprecated until his Bill is printed is quite unnecessary for a reason very different from the prudence of suspending judgment for want of knowledge. The Bill is condemned



for a vice which cannot be corrected by any degree of dexterity in the manipulation of details. The Dis-establishment of the Welsh Church is to be resisted because it would be an act of plunder committed to please supporters of the Ministry. It is true that the spoliation is not, by the terms of Mr. ASQUITH'S Bill, to be carried out with all the speed and thoroughness which would satisfy Mr. GEE. Some section or another of the majority is known (so we may conclude, arguing from a general knowledge of Ministerial methods) not to have quite reached this pitch yet. Therefore, the thing is to be done with some regard for appearances and some show of consideration. But as to the substantial character of the thing in itself there can be no manner of doubt. The property of the Church is to be taken and is to be given to the ratepayers for the relief of rates. It is true that the transfer of the boon is to be, in Mr. ASQUITH'S phrase, indefinitely postponed, which means that existing incumbents are not to be evicted without compensation. They will hold their benefices during life, and the expectant ratepayer must wait till their death. It is possible that one of the dangers in the way of the Bill may be found to lurk in this part of its provisions. The noble rage of Welsh Nonconformity and the Welsh ratepayer at the sight of so much plunder, kept for so long just beyond their reach by the obstinate vitality of incumbents, is a serious thing to think of. Mr. ASQUITH has given it serious consideration, whether he has chosen the right way to disarm it or not. The long passage of his speech in which he insisted on the superiority of his own method of disposing of the property of the Church in Wales over the scheme for the management of the Irish Church surplus was, in fact, an attempt to induce the ratepayers to be patient now, in the hope of benefits later on. The HOME SECRETARY insisted on the squandering of the Irish surplus (which was not polite to colleagues and predecessors), and pointed out that by his scheme the ratepayers would have the finger-ing of all. Another set of persons are, in fact, to have the joy of squandering, and they, by a curious coincidence, are just the very Welshmen on whom the Ministry depends for a most important part of its majority. Whether the present generation of them will consent to be tantalized in order that their children may be gorged we shall see; but uncertainty on that point does not affect the morality or the decency of Mr. ASQUITH. Pretty well as much may be said of the HOME SECRETARY'S compromise on the question, What is to be done with the buildings of the Church? The parish churches are to be left to the dis-established "sect," as it is called with vulgar insolence, but the cathedrals are to be reserved for national purposes. By this it is meant that they are to be handed over to some body or other, which is to decide what is a "national purpose," and might be competent to give the name to a Baptist "pleasant Sunday afternoon," or any other of the combinations of religiosity with intended amusement. One wonders why a cathedral is more national than a parish church, or in what respect the right of the Church to the one is weaker than its right to the other. One would wonder, that is, if this were a Bill to be passed, and not merely a bribe promised to keep the Welsh steady for the rest of the Session.

#### THE REGISTRATION BILL, 1894.

UNDER the unassuming title of "Period of Qualifications and Elections Bill," Her Majesty's Government have introduced a Reform Bill. It is noteworthy that the Government seem to show a distinct preference for introducing measures under names calculated to convey to the ordinary mind an impression that those measures are not

what they are. In one sense certainly "Period of Qualifications" is hardly a misnomer, for the Bill goes a long way towards putting a period to qualifications, and conferring the franchise without any qualification at all.

In the House of Commons when Mr. Morley introduced the Bill there was a tendency on both sides of the House to consider it rather by comparison with its short-lived predecessor of last year than on its merits. On the one side explanations were given, and something like apologies were made for the omission or addition of provisos included, or not included, in the Bill of 1893. And, on the other side, possibly not without good cause, a considerable amount of capital was made out of the fact that a Government could in the course of about twelve months introduce two Registration Bills in so many respects dissimilar. We, however, are not so much concerned with the relative merits or demerits of the two efforts of Radical Reform Bill drafting, as with the proposals now made for sweeping changes in our franchise qualifications and in the system of elections.

It is proposed that only three months shall be the qualifying period instead of twelve, as at present. It really would be almost more reasonable to have no qualification of this character at all. Why not take a census of males residing in a constituency on a given day or days, put their names on the register, and have done with it? If, however, some recognition of property qualification is to continue, though it be but a ragged remnant, three months is absurd. Theoretically a member of Parliament should look after the local requirements and interests of his constituency as well as the broader questions affecting the country at large. What can a man residing in a place for three months only know of its circumstances so as to enable him to form a just estimate of the manner of man best suited to represent the local interests? There is also another objection to such a short period. It would be quite within the bounds of possibility that, in constituencies where political parties were evenly balanced, and when an election was within measurable distance, importations of the migratory population might be made to the advantage or disadvantage, as the case might be, of one party or the other. Most people agree that the existing system of qualification requires modification. It is a distinct hardship that a man who commences the occupation of a house on, say, the 20th of July, 1893, should not be entitled to vote until the 1st of January, 1896; but to reduce the qualifying period as proposed is to err in the contrary direction.

In order to carry out the proposed scheme, there are to be two "Revisions," instead of one, in the year. This will mean a considerable increase to the burden now laid on the long-suffering ratepayer; for, economize as local officials may, they cannot by any possibility work two revisions at the cost of one. Then, again, the pockets of members of Parliament will have an additional drain on them, notwithstanding Mr. Morley's solicitude for them, as also will those pockets of local politicians, for associations of both parties will have their registration work doubled, which means double expense for canvassing, &c., and possibly double, or at all events increased, office expenses. We are glad, however, that revising barristers are to continue their work, instead of the hole-and-corner procedure suggested in the Bill of 1893 being introduced; for, on the whole, although the law of evidence as recognized in the superior Courts does not obtain in revision Courts, and revising barristers, except so far as they are bound by appeal cases, have great discretionary powers and decide points according to their own sweet will, very evenhanded justice is administered, and Mr. Morley's fearfulness "that in the registration Courts really almost everything is thought fair"—a statement received in the House with cheers and laughter—has no substantial grounds. We must, however, express our sympathy with the revising barrister who is obliged to relinquish his extensive practice between March 8th and April 12th, for we have hitherto been under the impression that one great reason for the peculiarity—so far as the general public is concerned—inconvenient dates now fixed for revision Courts was that barristers could not possibly revise during term-time. True, Eastertide may occur, and so there may be a time of leisure between those dates; but Good Friday, and the days immediately preceding and following, are not seemly days for revising lists of voters. Further, so far as we can interpret the clause with reference to revising barristers, it appears that they are to take two revisions for the remuneration now given to them.

for one, wherefore our sympathetic heart again goes out to them.

The divorce of rating, actual or constructive, from right of voting we deprecate as strongly as possible. What—to use a hackneyed expression—"stake in the country" has a man who does not pay rates personally or vicariously? Goodness knows that, as the franchise now is, the rating qualification is comprehensive enough, more's the pity; but to abolish it altogether is preposterous. Mr. Morley argues, "It is, of course, absurd to disqualify a man who has paid his rates in his rent simply because the landlord has not paid his rates." Clearly so were this the fact. Every one will admit that it would be a hard case for the constructive ratepayer; but is not Mr. Morley rather trailing a red-herring across the scent? He asks for sympathy for this supposititious hardly used victim of a landlord's shortcomings; but is it not to distract more immediate attention from the rated occupier who does not pay his rates? Where does the sympathy with him come in? If he will not carry out the obligations of citizenship, why should he be allowed to exercise its privileges?

As it is, we have extraordinary distinctions between constructive ratepayers. A man living in a cellar, for which he pays sixpence a week, if the house is let out in tenements by a non-resident landlord, is a "householder," and he can carry his "qualification" with him from one cellar to another, moving every week if he keeps within the four corners of one constituency; but a lodger who pays roof a year is disfranchised if he moves to the next house. What remedy for this glaring inconsistency is suggested by this latest Reform Bill? None. Certainly it is proposed to give some consideration to lodgers. They are only to claim once a year, and their names are to be retained on the lists at the second half-yearly registration, "unless the Overseers know that he is dead or has ceased to be qualified." How are they to know? They know nothing of a lodger *quâ* rating; therefore, if they do anything, they must make inquiries—which means time, trouble, and expense. They know, however, of the removal of a ratepayer—at least they may know of it—in the course of the collection of rates; and, if they do, they omit his name from their new list. Therefore a lodger, who theoretically occupies a more humble position than a ratepayer, may have a fictitious qualification for six months which is denied to his more exalted friend the householder.

"Polls on One Day" is the unobtrusive heading of Clause 3. It seems to be a very simple arrangement; but Mr. Morley devoted a very considerable part of his introductory speech to explanations of the so-called reasons for this departure. It is, moreover, proposed that the polling-day should be on a Saturday. It is utterly impossible that pollings can take place in boroughs and counties on the same day. Mr. Morley urges that this scheme will be economical because the electoral proceedings will be less protracted; but the time necessary to arrange an election for a county must be more than is required for a borough. You cannot reduce the former to the latter; therefore you must give more time to the boroughs. One polling day for both counties and boroughs means the confusion of having elections for a borough and a county going on at the same time, as would be the case in many a country town, which would be unworkable—not to allude to details of the organization of the election. Again, Why Saturday? Presumably in order that the labouring classes may go to the poll. But Saturday will disfranchise every small tradesman and most Jews. The hours of polling have been extended until eight o'clock in the evening, and every artisan, just as every business man, can find time to record his vote during the twelve hours of any other day ending at that time; but the small shopkeeper practically depends on his Saturday trade for his living. He cannot spare one minute from his morning preparations for his evening trade; and, of course, he cannot get away from his business when, in the evening, it is in full swing. Here is the good old "class" legislation. Why not name a day when small shopkeepers, or Jews, or any other class, can vote? Saturday, of all days of the week, is the very worst for an election; if only from the fact that on that day of the week more wages are spent in drink than any other, and as a natural sequence more breaches of the peace and intimidations, treating, &c., are likely to occur. Saturday, too, is the day on which hard-worked men, from millionaires to clerks, are glad to enjoy their well-earned short holiday. Why should the country be turned upside-down by having

elections on a Saturday? Who really desires it? The scheme is only another attempt at manufacturing a vote-catching apparatus, at which the present Government are such adepts.

We now come to the ingenious—we cannot say ingenious—scheme for limiting a man's voting capabilities to one vote. Mr. Morley wishes it "to be understood that in no proposal we make in this Bill is it attempted to carry out to its full and logical extent the principles of 'one man one vote.'" We are glad to see that, in this instance at all events, the representative of the Government recognizes and admits the difficulty of arriving at a logical conclusion; but, at the same time, we cannot see why the Government hesitate to suggest "one man one vote" when they are practically doing so with a mischievous reservation consisting of a fictitious "qualification." If we have "one man one vote" we know where we are; but this half-and-half measure can be satisfactory to no one, except possibly to some Radicals as an indication of favours to come. We still have "places"—i.e. inhabitants of places—represented in the House of Commons, not an aggregate of men unidentified with localities as citizens. We talk of the honourable member for Ploughshire, or for Brickborough, not of the honourable member for a given number of men; which means that the interest a man has in a locality entitles him to vote. A man may have—as many, as a matter of fact, have—a house in London and in the country, another may own properties in various localities, and in each and all is he directly interested. Why should he not have the right to cast his vote for the candidate whom he thinks likely to advance the prosperity of each of the localities in which he has a stake? Moreover, this limitation of voting will have a serious effect on the balance of parties in constituencies. There are constituencies in London and in many cities and towns where voters own property or occupy houses, offices, &c., in other constituencies; how will they arrive at their decision as to where they will record their votes? The party voting power will be shaken up as by a political earthquake. Radical and Conservative strongholds will become uncertain quantities. We refer to both parties, for Mr. Morley emphasizes the fact "that the diffusion of property among the humbler classes is very much wider than is commonly supposed," though at the same time we do not see that of necessity the "humbler classes" must needs be Radical, as he would appear to wish to lead us to suppose.

If a Reform Bill, such as this Bill is, is to be developed into an Act of Parliament, it should at least be comprehensive, which means, among other things, that there should be such a Redistribution of Seats as would make each man's vote equal in representative value to that of every other voter. As we understand it, a Reform Bill should remove anomalies of the franchise, and distribute equitably the right of representation in Parliament. The Bill which we are considering is but of a tinkering character; the solder is bad, and is applied by unskilled hands, and the tinkered vessel will not hold water.

#### FALSTAFF IN PARIS.

FOR the second time in a few weeks art has triumphed over politics in the Parisian world of music. The reception accorded to Herr Levi of Munich, and to Herr Mottl of Carlsruhe, when they made their first appearance in the French capital as *chefs d'orchestre*, was cordial in the extreme; and the ovation which awaited Signor Verdi was the more surprising, as it was the less expected. The attitude of the Parisian critics, with one important exception, at the first performance of *Falstaff* in Milan was, if not openly hostile, at any rate hesitating and grudging. That exception, and a most remarkable exception, was M. Bruneau, the composer of *Le Rêve* and *L'Attaque du Moulin*: champion of the realistic, to all appearances also the musical counterpart of M. Zola. His first article in *Gil Blas* was admirable, though it was eclipsed in style and insight by his masterly criticism of the Paris *première*. The rest of the French press were preparing, as far as it is possible to judge from vague hints and veiled innuendoes, to wrap up Falstaff in a wet blanket, and consign him to the banks of the Thames with a respectful relief. In the result, however, they were well out of their reckoning. The success of the opera was overwhelming, far more so in



France than in the land of its birth, if we except the international greeting it received on its first appearance at the Scala. Nor is it surprising that it should be so, for the conditions of performance were in every respect, save one, far more favourable than in its Milan home. The theatre was of a reasonable size, the acting was livelier, the singing markedly better, and the scenery prettier. The only drawback was the alteration of many well-known passages, in order to meet the requirements of the French translation. *Falstaff* is one of those works in which certain phrases attach themselves indelibly to the memory, and become almost at once as familiar as a quotation from a well-thumbed classic. To ears, therefore, which were accustomed to the Italian version, the French equivalents sounded almost disturbing. The audience of the Opéra Comique, of course, were not conscious of any such searchings of heart. At the same time it is only fair to say that the translation, which was the work of M. Solanges, assisted by Signor Boito himself, was as admirable as circumstances allowed it to be. It was not their fault if the language, when applied to the notes, did not admit of an adequate reproduction of some of the finest points of the original; notably the exquisite sonnet sung by Fenton in the final scene.

The music has been slightly altered in one or two places by the composer. A cut has been made in the scene of the buck-basket, where it did not seem in the least wanted. A new ending has been written to the first scene of the third act, which is a vast improvement both to the action and the music. The final scene, however, has been left intact, although it would seem that the cut unnecessarily made in the previous act would have been more to the purpose in this section of the opera. There was evidently a general feeling in the house, which was shared by many who were better acquainted with the work, that the torturing of *Falstaff* is carried on at too great a length, and that the magnificent fugue at the close undoubtedly suffers in effect thereby. It may be hoped that, when the *Pancione* visits the shores of his native Thames, a judicious and careful reduction of this scene may be tried.

As the opera was described *in extenso* after the Milan performance, it is only necessary here to record the impressions of its French *début*. M. Maurel, whose voice seemed at the Scala scarcely equal to the requirements of the chief part, was in every respect better. He seemed more at his ease when singing in his native language and before his own countrymen, who, less demonstrative in their expressions of disapproval when he occasionally lapsed into scientific rather than artistic voice-production, allowed him to do his best without a running fire of *Bastas*. He gained, therefore, in confidence as he proceeded, and pleasantly surprised those who had heard him in Milan by his vigour, cleanliness of phrasing, and varied humour. He fairly identified the part with himself, and made it difficult for his successors to reach the standard of his conception; and a better compliment could scarcely be paid to him. The sensation, however, of the evening was the performance of Mme. Delna as Mrs. Quickly. Rarely has artist been endowed with a more beautiful voice coupled with so genuinely artistic a temperament. Sparkling, sly, humorous, and homely by turns, she threw an electric light upon the character which fairly dazzled every one in the audience. Those who had heard her in *Les Troyens* and in the *Attaque du Moulin* were wholly unprepared for the marvellous sense of fun which she displayed. The character was essentially Shakespeare's in her hands, it was at once of no nationality and for all nationalities. She had no tricks and no artificiality. All was genuine comedy of the very best sort. To the French themselves her acting and singing came (to quote M. Bruneau) as "a revelation"; to those less familiar with her voice and gifts, as a possession worthy to be ranked with the best of any golden epoch of the opera.

The rest of the caste may be dismissed in a few words of praise. M. Soulaacroix was admirable in the rôle of Ford, dignified and powerful, without losing the curious intermixture of tragedy, of which Signor Verdi has, in this part only, given a glimpse. Mme. Grandjean as Mrs. Ford was a little flurried and nervous, and was the least pleasing, as regards voice and style, of the singers. Mme. Landouzy, who took the part of Anne Page, looked graceful and sang prettily, but was otherwise colourless and harmless. The ensemble was wholly admirable, and upon this, next to the chief rôle, the performance of the opera depends. The orchestra, conducted by Danbé, was frequently too soft, a unique fault in the annals of accompaniment; and some

pages were almost inaudible. But the fault, such as it was, was on the right side; and we live in hopes that the Covent Garden orchestra, like Leech's historic cabman, may be afflicted with half the complaint of their French brethren. The well-known hits of the score were received with an applause which spontaneously drowned the stereotyped and metronomic clapping of the *claque*, and reduced it to an impotent absurdity. The solo of *Falstaff*, "Quand j'étais page," was twice redemanded, and was sung most cleverly in three different styles by M. Maurel. The scena of Mrs. Quickly, in the second scene of the second act, and the fairy song of Anne Page in the last scene, were also, perforce, repeated. The little ballet was mounted in the best possible taste, and produced, in common with all the rest of the performance, the impression of careful rehearsals and the refined tastes which had been brought to bear upon them. In a word, the Opéra Comique proved itself worthy of its best traditions, and the audience showed, by their spontaneous enthusiasm, that art is international and its greatest living operatic representative a possession for all nations, irrespective of race and political differences.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

THE French Finance Minister, like our own Chancellor of the Exchequer, has in the Budget which was published last week to provide for a very large deficit. Taking the revenue on the existing basis of taxation and the expenditure as it stands now, the deficit amounts to 139 million francs, or rather more than 5½ millions sterling. Adding 12 millions of francs for the Sinking Fund which is to be resumed, and a million and a half of francs to assist pensions to the aged in mutual societies, the deficit is increased by rather more than another half-million sterling, and is altogether, therefore, somewhat over 6 millions sterling. But this deficit is at once reduced by 68 million francs, or nearly 2½ millions sterling, by appropriating the saving effected by the recent conversion of the Four and a Half per Cents into Three and a Half per Cents. There remains still, however, a deficit of somewhat over 3½ millions sterling to be provided for. To cover this, new taxes are imposed and old taxes are increased which are expected to yield 35 millions of francs, or 1,400,000*l*. But there still remains a deficit of nearly 2 millions sterling to be covered. The new taxes consist, firstly, of the substitution of a house and servants tax for the existing taxes on doors, windows, and furniture. Then there is a tax, expected to bring in 8 million francs, on monastic property; remodelled spirit duties are estimated to yield 5 million francs; a more careful administration of the match monopoly and a surtax on superior tobacco are expected to give 2½ million francs; and the coinage of small silver is estimated to yield 4 million francs. In substituting a house and servants duty for the existing door, window, and furniture taxes, the principle of graduated taxation is introduced. The assessment of both taxes is entrusted to the local authorities, and no hard and fast line is laid down, either in valuing houses or as to the number of servants kept. But very cheap and poor houses are exempted altogether, and allowances are made for working people with more than three children. Those who keep only one female servant are exempt from taxation; but more servants than one are taxed, and no attempt is made to graduate the tax according to the number of servants kept. M. Burdeau explains, in the preliminary statement which has been published, that these two taxes are intended to take the place of an income tax. The French dislike of an income tax is so strong, and the impossibility of getting Parliament to adopt any inquisitorial system is so clear, that the Government has decided not to attempt a general income tax. But the Minister of Finance believes that the object aimed at is obtained by these two new taxes. Roughly, he says, it is generally estimated that the rent of houses in France averages one-seventh of the income, and therefore a tax upon the value of a house is practically a tax upon the income. Similarly, servants are kept only by the well-to-do and the rich; and a tax upon servants is therefore a tax upon those who have at least a moderate income to spend. To balance the Budget the Finance Minister proposes certain ingenious schemes for getting rid of a large part of the burden now im-

posed upon the State on account of guarantees to the railway Companies. These guarantees were given, for the most part, in 1883, when the State found it impossible to complete the Freycinet scheme, and made conventions with the railway Companies under which the latter undertook to carry out a large part of that scheme. Next year, to which the Budget under consideration applies, it is estimated that the guarantees will amount to 135 million francs, or 5,400,000*l*. The Orleans Railway Company and the Southern Railway Company have consented to borrow from the public the money they should receive from the State, and thereby to lessen very materially the amount of guarantees the latter will have to pay. Furthermore, the floating debt now amounts to 1,200 million francs, or 48 millions sterling, and of this total 429 million francs, or somewhat over 17 millions sterling, have been advanced by the State to the Communes. The Caisse des Dépôts et Consignation is to take over this debt of 17 millions sterling odd, investing for that purpose money in its hands belonging to the savings banks and other institutions. By all these means the Budget is barely balanced, there being an estimated surplus of little over 20,000*l*. The total expenditure is estimated at 3,423,893,762 francs, or not very much under 137 millions sterling; and the receipts exceed this enormous sum by, as already said, very little more than 20,000*l*. M. Burdeau admits that his measures are merely temporary, that the expenditure is very seriously growing and will grow; but there are no means of stopping this, and further taxation will clearly become necessary by-and-bye.

There has been very little change in the money market this week, though the Stock Exchange settlement, the near approach of the end of the month, and the withdrawals of gold for Scotland have somewhat lessened the supply in the market. At the Stock Exchange settlement, which began on Tuesday morning, borrowers obtained all the amounts they required at from  $1\frac{3}{4}$  to 2 per cent. In a few cases no more than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. was paid. In the discount market short loans have been freely made at from 1 to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., and the rate of discount is a slight fraction over 1 per cent. Still, the tendency, though checked for the moment, is downwards. Gold is coming in from abroad in very large amounts; during the week ended Wednesday night, the Bank of England received as much as 600,000*l*. In a very few weeks the gold now going to Scotland will come back; and although trade is improving, the improvement will not absorb large amounts of money for some time yet. There is every prospect, therefore, of continued ease in the market all through the summer.

The Indian demand for silver, which had ceased for a couple of months, has sprung up again, and the price has rapidly advanced this week to 29  $\frac{1}{2}$ *d*. per ounce. The belief is gaining ground in India that the mints will have to be reopened before long, and on that assumption purchases of silver seem to promise large profits. For the time being, however, the demand is not likely to be very great; for money is exceedingly scarce and dear in India, and will continue so as long as the large accumulations in the treasuries go on. The India Council has been again fairly successful in the sale of its drafts this week. On Wednesday it offered, as usual, 50 lakhs of rupees, and the applications amounted to about 128 lakhs. Therefore it sold the whole amount at 18  $\frac{1}{2}$ *d*. for bills; for transfers, applicants at 18  $\frac{1}{2}$ *d*. were allotted about 32 per cent., and the full amounts applied for at above that price. Later in the day 9 lakhs were sold by special contract. Next week 60 lakhs are to be offered for tender.

There is somewhat more business on the Stock Exchange, but it is confined to professional operators and the members of the Exchange. The general public is investing upon a considerable scale, but, we are glad to say, is holding aloof from speculation. Professional operators have been encouraged to buy by the announcement that the Government has contracted with private shipbuilders for the construction of six cruisers—four on the Clyde and two at Barrow. The cruisers are of the second class, and are of 5,600 tons. Their construction, together with the increased building at the Royal Dockyards, will, of course, create a demand for iron and steel, and therefore is expected to stimulate the recovery in trade. That recovery is going on very satisfactorily. There is as yet no speculation in any great industry, which is decidedly encouraging. Prices are very low, and the number of bills is not increasing. Many people, therefore, are rather sceptical as to the reality of

the improvement, but the scepticism is unfounded. After so long and so serious a crisis it was not to be expected that the revival would be either rapid or marked at first. If it were, it could not last. But that it is making progress is proved by the increased number of workpeople in employment and by the satisfactory traffic returns. For the present Stock Exchange speculation is chiefly running upon Home Railway stocks, and more particularly upon the lower-priced of these. The very good stocks are already at exceedingly high prices, and there is hardly ground for expecting a further marked rise for some time to come. But the lower-priced stocks, in the opinion of speculators, must advance considerably, especially as everything points to a long continuance of cheap money. The theory of the Stock Exchange is, that in the long run very cheap money always brings about a large speculation. No doubt, after awhile speculation will come. Really sound securities are at extravagantly high price, and by-and-bye it is to be presumed that investors will not be satisfied with the low return these securities yield. When once they begin to buy less sound securities upon a large scale, there is sure to be more or less of speculation. There has been some recovery even in the American department, although we would again warn our readers that there is absolutely no justification for it. Trade is exceedingly depressed, and will continue so for a long time; one-third of the total railway mileage of the Union is bankrupt; agriculture is in a bad way; and the difficulties of financial establishments are considerable. In Argentina the premium on gold continues to advance, showing that political apprehension is becoming more intense, and that trade is not satisfactory. In Brazilian securities, however, the end of the civil war has encouraged speculative buying. The City of Paris Loan for 8 millions sterling, nominal, has been a great success; it has been covered over ninety times. The bonds are of the nominal value of 400 francs, or 16*l*., and the issue price was 340; so that the return is a very small fraction under 3 per cent. The bonds are at a premium of over 15 francs. Now that the loan has succeeded there seems a tendency to speculate more generally in the market, especially as there is to be another Russian conversion. The large majorities obtained by the Italian Ministry in the Chambers have been followed by a considerable advance in Italian Rentes; and there are signs of more animation on the German Bourses. The German Imperial Loan has been fairly successful; it was covered about 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  times.

Home Railway stocks have almost all advanced considerably this week. Caledonian Undivided closed on Thursday at 125  $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Brighton "A" closed at 153  $\frac{3}{4}$ , also a rise of 1; South-Eastern Undivided closed at 121, likewise a rise of 1; South-Eastern "A" closed at 82  $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of 1  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Great Western closed at 162  $\frac{3}{4}$ , a rise of  $\frac{3}{4}$ ; North-Western closed at 169, a rise of  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; South-Western Undivided closed at 189, a rise of 1; and North-Eastern closed at 163  $\frac{3}{4}$ , a rise of 1  $\frac{1}{4}$ . In the American department, on the other hand, almost all movements are downwards. To begin with the purely speculative shares, Erie closed on Thursday at 16  $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Northern Pacific Preferred closed at 19  $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; and Atchison shares closed at 14  $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of 1  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Coming next to the bonds, we find that Atchison Fours closed at 75  $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of 1  $\frac{3}{4}$ ; and that Erie Second Mortgage Bonds closed at 80, a fall of 2. In the dividend-paying shares there is not much change, though the movements are usually downwards. The really sound bonds are in good demand. Brazilian Four and a Half closed on Thursday at 68  $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 2; Greeks of 1884 closed at 31  $\frac{3}{4}$ , a fall of 1  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Hungarian Fours closed at 96  $\frac{1}{4}$ , a rise of  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; and Italian Rentes closed at 76  $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

#### CHESS NOTES.

THE second stage of the championship match has been played at Philadelphia. Three games sufficed, for they were all won by the younger man, and the score is now Lasker 7, Steinitz 2, with a couple of draws. After an interval of a week the fight is to be renewed at Montreal; and there, unless Steinitz can win eight games before his opponent wins three, the title which he has held so long



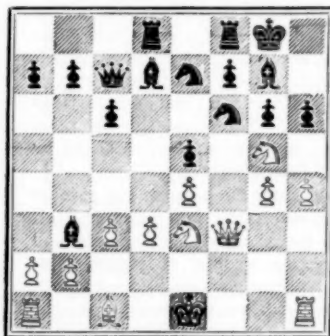
must pass from the Bohemian to the Prussian master. The state of the score is very hopeful for Lasker, but there is nothing of the foregone conclusion about it. The veteran has never yet lost a set match, though he has played twenty-three in the past thirty-two years. Dubois, Andersen, Bird, Gunsberg, and Tchigorin all came within two of his winning total; but he was never so many as five games behind. He has generally done better in the later stages of a match than in the earlier, and may possibly recover at Montreal what he has lost at New York and Philadelphia. For the moment, no doubt, he is in a bad way. With no desire to make light of the achievement of Lasker up to Saturday last, it may fairly be observed that his victory in this match, which seems likely enough, will not give him equal rank with Steinitz, who has been winning against the strongest players for a third of a century, and he is now approaching his sixtieth year.

The best game hitherto played by the Bohemian master is the second of the series of eleven, which he won with a Ruy Lopez. We give the first twenty-eight moves, which are more than sufficient to show the sustained spirit of the attack and the unaccountable weakness of the defence:—

White STEINITZ.	Black LASKER.	White STEINITZ.	Black LASKER.
1 P-K 4	P-K 4	15 B P x P	P-K R 3
2 Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	16 Q-R 3	B-K sq
3 B-Kt 5	Kt-K B 3	17 B-B 2	Kt-Q 2
4 P-Q 3	P-Q 3	18 Kt-R 3	Kt-Q B 4
5 P-B 3	B-Q 2	19 Kt-B 2	P-Q Kt 4
6 B-R 4	P-K Kt 3	20 P-Kt 5	P-K R 4
7 Q Kt-Q 2	B-Kt 2	21 Kt-B 5	P x Kt
8 Kt-B 4	Castles	22 P x P	P-K B 3
9 Kt-K 3	Kt-K 2	23 P-Kt 6	Kt x Kt P
10 B-Kt 3	P-B 2	24 P x Kt	B x P
11 P-K R 4	Q-B 2	25 R-K Kt sq	P-K 5
12 Kt-Kt 5	P-Q 4	26 P x P	K-R 2
13 P-B 3	Q-R-Q sq	27 R x B	K x R
14 P-Kt 4	P x P	28 Q-B 5 ch	K-B 2

This shows Steinitz at his best and Lasker at his worst. Hereafter we will vary the samples; but to-day it is pleasanter to recognize that the veteran has lost none of his old vigour and imaginative foresight, even if it be proved that his endurance and stability are beginning to slacken. The diagram shows the position of the game after White's sixteenth move:—

BLACK—15 Pieces.



WHITE—15 Pieces.

the mover to vigorously aggressive tactics—and how his move of queen to bishop's third offers the sacrifice of the knight with a certainty of winning if it should be taken. For then pawn takes pawn, and the defence is hopeless. An English master suggests that Black might have taken the knight, following this up with Kt x Kt P, &c. But that does not work out prettily for Black. Lasker, it will have been seen—who, after a good twelfth move, made a weak fourteenth—has been preparing a counter-attack on White's queen's pawn. He knew better than to take the Greek gift of the knight, and quietly massed his forces on the centre pawn. But Steinitz was too strenuous for him, and he was impelled to take the other knight—a temporary loan—on his twenty-first move. His twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth moves were in the nature of mental aberrations, and by this time it is evident that all is over with him. He has admitted that he played the game badly; but, indeed, the assault was powerful enough to demoralize even an Emanuel Lasker.

The long-protracted competition of the clubs which constitute the London Chess League was brought to an end on Monday night, when the City and Metropolitan clubs met

for the second time to play off their tie match in the A Division. Victory rested with the Metropolitan, who hold the lead for the next twelve months. A correspondence match of considerable interest to chess-players has been opened between the leading players of St. Petersburg and Paris, the respective teams being captained by M. Tchigorin and M. de la Rivière. Two games are played simultaneously, the Russians offering an Evans Gambit and the Frenchmen starting with pawn to queen's fourth.

A neat, but not very easy, mate in two moves, by Dr. Müller of Darlington, may divert the reader. It illustrates the effectiveness of the knight at close quarters; and yet, though the force of White is overwhelming for mere winning purposes, Black has sufficient liberty for his king to make a speedy mate anything but obvious. The solution may be withheld for a fortnight; and in the meantime we will add a fairly simple puzzle in the shape of a pawn race. White having the move, ought he to win, or lose, or draw the game? On the face of it Black seems to have an advantage; can he do anything with his extra pawn? And, if he cannot, how does White prevent him? There is a great variety of interest in the last stages of a game where the issue still remains in doubt. In the position given, if Black had the move it would be a misdeemeanour in White to play any longer; but here the move makes all the difference. One cannot aspire to be considered a pretty chess-player without some degree of practice and perception in dealing with the end game. A very large number of battles are won by no greater superiority of force and chance than is implied in the position of the kings and the remnant pawns after the fiercest of the fighting is over.

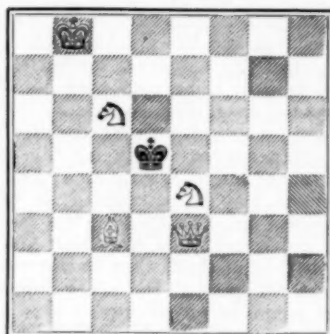
The key-move to the problem printed on April 14 is king to bishop's fifth. If now the Black king moves to queen's second he is mated by bishop on bishop's sixth. But, instead of moving his king, Black may take the White bishop with his knight, giving White a check on his own account; whereupon the White king moves to bishop's sixth, discovering check from the bishop or rook's file. Black, whose first move pinned his own knight, cannot use it for a cover, and is mated. If the Black knight moves to knight's eighth, ready to capture the last-mentioned bishop in case of the same discovered check, White moves the other bishop to bishop's sixth, discovering check from the rook. The problem (solved by R. T. Simpson, C. T. S., A. C. Waters, Westdel, Novice, J. E. Gore, and partially by other correspondents) is rather ingenious and elaborate than pretty. White has too much on the board, and some of his pieces might easily have been dispensed with.

#### TIPS AND NIECES.

PERHAPS there is nothing in which character betrays itself more humorously than in the giving and receiving of tips, and the different ways in which it may show itself are endless. Next to servants the person most commonly tipped is the schoolboy. In his case

A MATE IN TWO.

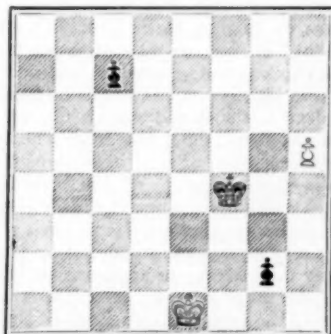
BLACK—1 Piece.



WHITE—5 Pieces.

WHICH WINS?

BLACK—3 Pieces.



WHITE—2 Pieces.

the sum, whatever it may be, is received as a matter of course, and, if any comment is made upon it, it is usually to the effect that "the old chap might have done more than that." These tips are counted on as a steady source of income. Before a boy consents to visit friends or relations, or to receive the same at his school, he will calculate whether the profit will compensate him for the annoyance. This form of tip is also given as a matter of business, and has few varieties. Again, there is the uncle who tips his nieces instead of his nephews, and a much beloved being that uncle usually is. Uncles seem almost the only beings privileged to bestow tips on girls, and but for them these poor creatures would come off badly. Perhaps a greater variety is exhibited in the giving and receiving of an uncle's tip to a niece than in any other. The uncle may be patronizing; in which case he accompanies the tip with a pat on the back and a "Be a good girl, and spend it on something you really want," or he may be fond of chaff, when he will usually tell his niece she "must not spend all the money in presents for somebody!" Then, again, he will often pretend to a knowledge of female attire, and will present his tip with the words, "Here is a trifle, dear, to buy your summer hat with, or some gloves and handkerchiefs," gloves and handkerchiefs being the last things on which a tip is ever expended.

A case even more common is that of the uncle who presses the tip into his niece's hand without comment, while his face alone reveals the fact that he is parting with something dear to him—something which it has cost him a struggle to give. The manner of receiving it is equally diverse. There is the shy niece, who is so overcome with confusion and gratitude that she can find no words in which to express her feelings; there is the effusive niece, who begins, "I cannot properly tell you how grateful I am," and then proceeds to pour forth such a volley of thanks that the uncle hastily retreats. The commonest thing is to say, "Oh! how naughty of you; you really mustn't! I wish you wouldn't—you really distress me. Please do take it back: I couldn't accept such a splendid present," &c. It may be observed that the niece who is most shocked and grieved at her uncle's generosity grasps her coin tightly lest she should be taken at her word, and the dear uncle should return the tip to his own pocket. There is, again, the jocular niece who tries to carry off the situation lightly. "Oh! a little parting gift, eh? Really, this is most attentive of you." Wonderful are the little scenes which occur when the niece observes by the look in her uncle's eye that a tip is preparing. She endeavours to seem easy and unconcerned, not to push her hand forward in any marked way or appear attentive; while at the same time she takes care to be within easy reach. These are some of the most common forms of tipping; but, common as they are, who ever learns to either give or receive a tip naturally and with ease? The giver is always shy, anxious to appear generous and to be stingy, wishing to please the receiver, yet fearful of offending him. The receiver of the tip is, on the other hand, pleased, yet fearing to seem too much so, trying to feign surprise in spite of having watched the struggles of the giver for at least ten minutes. It is the outsider alone who is privileged to enjoy the discomfort and confusion of both parties.

#### THE JUDGING OF SWORDPLAY.

AMONG the many causes which in England tend to discourage the cultivation of swordsmanship as a game of skill, not the least is the inability too frequently displayed by reputed experts, who accept the office of judge in public trials of skill, to arbitrate in a truly equitable, or even methodical, manner. It is undoubtedly one which keeps a great number of the "best men" away from open competition, and thus maintains at an unnecessarily low level our standard of excellence in swordplay.

Apart from the question of style—which, of course, can hardly be judged by hard-and-fast rules—the estimation of the relative value of "hits" is, it must be admitted, by no means a simple task. It is easy enough to determine the comparative merits of competitors tilting at the tent-peg, the lemon, or heads-and-posts, where there must be a definite, palpable amount of destruction, carried out under a few very plain rules. But a set combat with blunts, in which the blows exchanged are purely nominal in their

effects, and under the trammelling restrictions of fair play, must be regulated by endless conventionalities. Unfortunately, the real meaning and the importance of these conventionalities are understood by very few, even among those who figure as authorities in the matter of fence.

In actual fighting—that is, when the object in view is purely and simply the achievement of victory without restriction as to means—the accident of circumstances plays, of necessity, an important part: personal valour becomes at once a dominating element, and pure skill finds itself singularly qualified. In a cutting-out expedition, it may very well be assumed that the unsophisticated sweep of Jack's cutlass might prove more than a match for the dexterity of a Mèrignac or a Pini, however unconquerable the latter would be found on a steady platform with "a fair stage"; in the same manner a veteran *sabreur* with the experience of many engagements behind him, on an unmanageable horse or with his rein severed, might easily find himself incompetent to stop the most awkward cut of a half-trained but well-mounted recruit; again, even in a deliberate, decorous duel, a comparative tiro, cool and fearless, may defeat out of hand an opponent trammelled by nervousness, against whom, under other circumstances, in the security of the fencing-room for example, he could hardly hope to defend himself.

The fact is that pure fencing skill is only one element of success in hand-to-hand fighting. But, when all is said and done, it is the only factor in that problematic success which can be cultivated in peaceable times. Now, in order to cultivate it to the best purpose, it is important first of all clearly to understand what is, intrinsically, good fencing; in other words, what is the kind of fencing which, apart from luck or personal bravery, and under every obtainable condition of fairness, can be looked upon as a test of superiority.

On critical examination it is found that the broad rules of sound fencing are applicable to all manner of cutting and piercing weapons, and that the only factor affecting the extent and variety of their application is the weight of the weapon employed. There is no essential difference between the heavy fence of fixed bayonets and that of feather-weight foils; the object is always to hit the adversary with the greatest rapidity, *without the risk of counter-stroke* and without useless expenditure of strength. In fact, sound fencing is bound up in the proper understanding of "time, distance, and proportion," to use a quaintly comprehensive expression of our early masters of fence, which may be interpreted as a constant readiness to seize opportunities, an exact appreciation of measure, and an invariable command of opposition in guard. These are the essential elements which must always regulate every movement or combination of movements in hand-fighting.

Now it is obvious that the lighter the weapon the greater must be the speed of its strokes on the one hand, and on the other the greater also the variety of its simple and combined actions. On theoretical ground, therefore, regulated practice with the light weapon *par excellence*—namely, the foil—which, for a given expenditure of energy, gives the greatest number of opportunities to acquire these essential elements of "time, distance, and proportion," must be looked upon as the best adapted to promote a mastery of the art of fight. Practically this point is conceded by every expert. As the greater includes the less, real proficiency with the foil ensures, at the cost of a little special study, ultimate superiority with every form of the *arme blanche*.

But in order that foil-play may secure that desirable result, it is absolutely necessary that it should always be conducted on the strictest conventional rules, otherwise fencing—and, unfortunately, modern English fencing is too often of that description—must remain merely a feeble and unsightly scrimmage with toy-like implements. These rules are based on the accumulated experience of centuries, and are really intended to eliminate as far as possible all elements of pure chance, all reckoning for success on mere dash (perfectly meaningless as a fighting quality in presence of a pliant, buttoned foil); to cultivate coolness and self-control in the midst of strained and rapid movements; to foster in the utmost the power of observation and rapid decision. These results it is sought to obtain by insisting, above all things, on "style"; by reckoning as null and void all hits that are not delivered in a certain regular manner and within a given space on the adversary's body; all hits which allow of a simultaneous counter-hit; all strokes, in fact,



which cannot be considered as the result of a definite purpose within the rules.

This may seem very artificial, and of course is such. But, then, all fighting with blunts must be artificial. The man, however, who can place a long-reaching hit on a selected spot of his adversary's jacket without giving him even an opportunity of countering; who can deftly deceive his attempts at parrying, whether wide or close; who can follow with a calm, observant gaze a succession of complicated feints, and only parry the final with vigour and precision, will never have much difficulty (given to him the necessary element of nerve in danger) in dealing with the comparatively simple operations of the fighting ground: the rapidity of sabre strokes, the suddenness of a bayonet stroke, sink into insignificance by the side of a full-speed attack from the foil.

Beyond doubt a spirited bout between two highly trained swordsmen, if conducted with all the decorum and courtesy which long-cultivated self-control should foster, is an admirable sight—one, unfortunately, too seldom witnessed nowadays in this country. The greater is the pity of it; for the art of fence is one in which Englishmen should excel among all nations, as they excel in all sports requiring "nerve," precision of hand, and quickness of eye. The same qualities which help to make a first-class racquet-player—nay, stretched as may seem the comparison, to make a golfer "far and sure"—would, if cultivated with anything like the same assiduity, make of him such a swordsman as would match the most formidable "pillars" of Continental *salles d'armes*.

But no real standard of proficiency in such an art can be determined without competition. It is the keen competition not only between the masters of different schools abroad, but between their leading pupils, which has developed the extraordinary dexterity of so many Continental swordsmen—the custom of duelling has little or nothing to do with the matter, for it is well known that the crack fencers are not the most arrogant duellists. Now competition on an extended scale is practically impossible unless some very definite test of quality is recognized, and, unfortunately, there is no such standard in England. The hybrid game of single-stick—which is neither swordsmanship nor genuine cudgelling—has ruined the traditions of the old English broadsword; as to foil-fence, the whole purpose of the exercise is so completely misunderstood that it is little wonder that the inane and extravagant mutual prodding which in most places passes for fencing should find little popular favour.

Where there is no recognized standard there can, of course, be no equitable judging. In almost every public fencing competition in this country, the "judging" is fearful and wonderful in the eyes of any one accustomed to the courteous and regulated assaults of good schools. Perhaps the greatest offenders in this respect (and unmistakably the most pernicious, if we remember that their example is generally followed with blind confidence by minor bodies) are the officials of the Royal Military Tournament. They, in a most characteristic manner, frame and promulgate a different set of rules almost every year for the conduct of competitions in swordsmanship; but, unfortunately, their varied legislation in this matter never seems to introduce real improvement.

It is too early yet to surmise on what lines the "judging" at this year's forthcoming Tournament may be conducted; as a matter of fact, the numerous candidates for palms in that special contest who are, presumably, at this moment working hard in schools of arms for the June competitions, hardly know by what canon their proficiency is to be estimated. Much, however, as constant alteration in rules must be deprecated, it is sincerely to be hoped that one, at least, of the laws which were enforced last year at the Agricultural Hall may be abrogated. We refer to the regulation which enjoined on competitors, when once engaged, to *continue fighting until stopped by a judge*. Such a rule, even in the presence of the most proficient, experienced, and keen-eyed judges, would alone suffice to do away with all the advantages of swordplay as a methodical training in the art of fight. It means, of course, that the combatants are never to acknowledge, or even take notice, of hits given or received; and thus, by encouraging the already too natural tendency of inexperienced swordsmen to counter instead of parrying, a convention of this kind cannot but lead to the utter stultification of the purpose of sword practice. The results of this order last year were

disastrous. It is not too much to say that the average swordsmanship exhibited at the Agricultural Hall is almost ludicrous, and completely out of proportion in quality to the other military exercises; and that this part of the display is hardly calculated to inspire a general interest in what is, perhaps, with horsemanship, the best course of physical training for an officer. This state of things is not, of course, due solely to the inefficiency of the judges: if there were greater numbers of first-rate swordsmen in the army, there would be a greater number of competent judges available. But the first thing required to improve matters is a body of rules, elaborated by really competent authorities, based on sound theoretical considerations, and framed so as to give pre-eminent importance to *method and style*. These rules, if rigidly enforced and under penalty of instant disqualification for competitors wilfully ignoring the same, would no doubt very soon have a definite beneficial effect on the practice of swordsmanship in the army, and ultimately on the manners and customs of private schools of arms.

#### EXHIBITIONS.

IT is impossible for us to conceal from ourselves the fact that the exhibitions of the New English Art Club are steadily declining in interest. The twelfth, which is now opened in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, will offer a disappointment to those who have been accustomed to look here for a great deal of eccentricity, perhaps, and even of absurdity, but for a great deal, also, of what is freshest and most enterprising in the English art of the day. The fire in the London Impressionists seems to have died down. The movement has not progressed as we hoped that it might do, and now many of these painters, who promised to be so striking and so vivid, have settled down into a conventionality as cold and as hard as that of any of the bad old Academicians. The interest of the present show is centred around Mr. Furse, who is a carefully trained painter converted in maturity to impressionism, and around a new man, Mr. Will Rothenstein, of whose talent we shall presently have something to say. The "old masters" of English impressionism, the people who form the Executive Committee of the New English Art Club, are this year of a deplorable insipidity.

The place of honour is properly awarded to Mr. Furse for his admirable portrait of "The Reverend the Honourable Arthur Lyttelton" (72), who pauses, as he hurries by with cap and gown, to glance with austere pallor and urbanity out of the canvas; a dim mass of purple flowers gives the sole touch of positive colour. This is a life-like and a very distinguished portrait. Mr. Furse also exhibits "A Spring Landscape" (55) and a fine "Portrait of a Lady" (59), a bust in profile. Mr. Rothenstein, as we said before, is the discovery of the year; he paints, in a somewhat Belgian manner, with great vivacity, in strong flat tones, provocative and boisterous, but not without solidity. His "Miss Pearsall Smith" (6) represents a young lady, in a white muslin body over a skirt of gold satin, walking in a very dark landscape. "Jeune paysanne assise" (44) is very hideous, but of a power which excuses hideousness when hideousness, as is sometimes the case, does not ingeniously suggest it; and "L'homme qui sort" (91), a young man waving farewell as he turns the handle of a door, is very ingenious. The subtlety of the illumination on the face and black cloth surfaces in this latter is remarkable.

We also note an "Anarchist Orator" (16), a fine grotesque in black chalk, by M. Paul Renouard; two of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's disquieting conundrums (17, 19); a simple and powerful purple landscape on "The Nile" (43), by Mr. Francis Forster; and a large "Dorsetshire Pastoral" (45), by Mr. Bernhard Sickert, charming in its nocturnal serenity, of a seaside grove of trees. Very refined is Mr. Moffat Lindner's "St. Ives Bay" (47), the trawlers' lights twinkling on the expanse of silvery twilight. Mr. Edward Stott robs rustic lovmaking of all its sentiment in his "In the Moonlight" (50), cleverly painted, with a terrible smell of the cabbage-field. Mr. Walter Sickert seems to make no advance, nor even to be conscious of his shortcomings. The man who could paint the hideous and impudent daub called "The Sisters Lloyd" (54), a thing equally deficient in colour, in drawing, and in atmosphere, and then exhibit it with complacency, must know even less of himself than he knows of art.

At the Goupil Gallery, 5 Regent Street, is now on view a collection by the delicate and distinguished painters of modern Holland. Of these specimens, the majority appear to have been painted during the past season, and they give us, therefore, a fair impression of the general aspect of the Dutch School of to-day. As we enter we meet with a study of pinkish cows feeding in a marsh, "A Favourite Spot" (1), by Willem Maris, a very characteristic specimen of this painter; by the same man, known to his countrymen as "Silvery" Maris, is a "Rendezvous des Vaches" (39) of much hazy refinement. By Jacobus Maris, a greater artist, is "On the Dunes" (7), a golden-haired child seen on sea-sand against a blue sea, and "Low Tide" (27). By Kever is a nicely illuminated and broadly painted study of a little boy at his breakfast (5). Israels, still powerful and impressive, though not painting with the richness of colour of thirty years ago, is here in several specimens. Of these the largest is a composition of three "Zandvoort Fisherwomen" and a little girl (9) tramping homeward, a hueless, melancholy procession; "A Veteran of the Sea" (28) is the sullen head of an old skipper of the German Ocean. Anton Mauve, who died in 1887, is represented here by "Evening" (11), a somewhat important landscape, closely reminiscent of his more famous "Returning to the Fold"; it shows sheep following an unseen shepherd along a dusty and dolorous seaside road in the dim twilight. There is something odd and vivacious in Blommers's "Arrival of Fish" (10).

These Dutchmen so seldom allow themselves any vernal gaiety that we are pleasantly attracted to Poggenbeck's landscape "Spring" (20). The boldly painted conventional flower-pieces of Roosenboom are well known in this country. An effective example is the large study of a wreath of "Roses" (29), where the general impression is highly decorative, but where the roses themselves look far more like camellias, and their leaves like oak-leaves than what they are intended to represent. The influence of Troyon is seen in the masterly work of Jan van de Sande Bakhuizen, whose "The Herd" (30), distributed over a wide road, is a brilliant and effective cabinet-piece. Mesdag scarcely does himself justice in "Sunset at Sea" (45). Most of these modern Dutch painters confine themselves to effects in grey and buff, and avoid all positive colour; doubly radiant, therefore, is the one fragment of superb colour, the "Anemones" (37) of Verster, purple and crimson flowers crowded into glasses of the same full and gorgeous hues.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's, 160 New Bond Street, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., exhibits a collection of more than one hundred water-colour drawings, made during a year's yachting in the West Indies, Atlantic, Mediterranean, Solent, and Thames. Most of these are slight, but they are full of freshness and beauty. The most ambitious is a scene off Barbados (56), rowing-boats manned by shouting and grinning negroes, trying to attract attention on deck; this is the only instance in which Mr. Wyllie ventures upon the human figure. The two largest drawings are of the *Britannia* (11, 18), the former passing the Club-house at Gosport in full sunlight, with topsail set and "drawing beautifully"; the latter against the velvety blackness of night, thrown into relief by a dazzling flare lighted on her deck at the moment when the race is decided. As a rule, these drawings are studies of clear blue sea, with a line of low land somewhere on the horizon. They are very neatly painted, with a transparent touch; in the most careful deep-sea effects we are sometimes reminded of Mr. Henry Moore. But in the treatment of shipping, and in particular of bulky modern vessels, Mr. Wyllie has a method which is completely his own; he contrives to give a certain poetry to steam-stacks and ironclads. This is a little exhibition which takes us all round the world, yet rarely outside of our imperial waters, and it is a pleasant lecture to the eye on the expansion of England.

#### A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

MUCH as we must regret the withdrawal from the night bill of the Haymarket of *Once upon a Time*, the substitution of so vigorous a play as *A Bunch of Violets* in some degree makes up for it. It is quite unnecessary, as it would be entirely useless, to go into Mr. Sydney Grundy's previous dealings with Feuillet's "Montjoye," although in a conscientious spirit none too generally prevalent Mr.

Grundy acknowledges his indebtedness to the French original, upon which he also founded *Mammon*. This is not only a fresh adaptation, but, to all intents and purposes, a new play. We may as well declare at once that the piece is not without defects, some of them essentially characteristic of the author. The treatment of the labour question and the caricature of the deputation, for instance, stand almost in the same category as the injudicious and unjust satire in *An Old Jew*. Such matter is out of place in a work of this kind. *A Bunch of Violets* is emphatically a play without a hero, for Sir Philip Marchant by no stretch of imagination can be regarded in such a light, and the love interest is of the flimsiest. Nevertheless, this is atoned for by the sharp outline and complete finish of the character studies. Mr. Tree has probably never played better on a first night than on Wednesday. His make-up in itself is worthy of notice, for its haggard suggestion of weariness and worry is pathetic. Mr. Tree's nervous, and at times irritable, restlessness carried this suggestion a stage further, indeed by a gradual process until the limits of despair were reached. In the depiction of the varying moods of the arch-swindler Mr. Tree was at his best; and mean and pitiful though Marchant's shifts and dodges were bound to appear, he still contrived to convey an idea of the masterful spirit to which, rather than to any supernatural acuteness, the financier's success must be attributed. Mrs. Tree gave us one surprise as Ophelia; she yielded us another in her Mrs. Murgatroyd. Her grasp of the part was perfect. The character is most skilfully drawn, and Mrs. Tree gave an absolutely complete realization of it. The monotony of the part of Lady Marchant made it very difficult to play, and Miss Lily Hanbury must, therefore, not be blamed for her want of variety, while full credit must be given for her obvious earnestness. Another clearly defined if not very original character is that of Murgatroyd, played with broad and grateful humour by Mr. Lionel Brough, and a modern sketch of a demagogue of a very exaggerated type was represented with force and excellent discretion by Mr. G. W. Anson.

#### REVIEWS.

##### LORD WOLSELEY'S MARLBOROUGH.

*Life of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough.* By General Viscount Wolseley, K.P. Vols. I. and II. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1894.

IT needs no more than a first glance at the present instalment of this *Life of Marlborough* to tell us that Lord Wolseley is not of those who have lifted the standard of revolt against very long biographies. These two goodly volumes carry us only to the death of William III., when, though Marlborough was a man far advanced in middle age, his period of glory had not yet begun. We are not aware on what scale, if on any hard-and-fast one, Lord Wolseley has planned his work; but from some acquaintance with the subject, and from the bulk of the present instalment, we should say that at least six volumes will be needed to see it through.

We are not, however, very sorry for this. Coxe's famous *Life*, on the whole, fully deserves its fame. But the discreetness of an eighteenth-century parson weighed on that excellent archdeacon both in regard to the earlier and the later stages of his hero's life; while, well as he has dealt with the middle and most famous part, his dealing, of course, cannot exclude a fresh handling by an expert of a series of military exploits which rank hardly second, and certainly not less than second, to those of any general in history. On all other accounts of the Duke there has rested this or that drawback—insufficiency of space, want of access to private documents, too exclusive attention to the professional point of view, want of literary skill, and a dozen others. It was but fitting that ample room and verge should be allotted to this new attempt to deal exhaustively with the life and work of such a general, such a diplomatist, and such a politician as Marlborough.

The apology which Lord Wolseley makes for shortcomings, consequent on his avocations and the circumstances of composition, is becoming, but superfluous. He has not hurried himself—for, if we mistake not, rumour spoke of the work as well on the stocks nearly ten years ago—and he appears to have utilized the time by the careful examination of large stores of unpublished documents at Blenheim, at Althorp, and elsewhere. Perhaps he has been a little less diligent in his study of printed



books—at any rate, we find a statement as to the writers of such books not having “sifted” evidence which we seem to have seen pretty fully examined before with conclusions like as well as unlike Lord Wolsley’s. He is certainly mistaken in assigning so great an influence as he does assign to Swift in determining the conclusions of historians and others about Marlborough. It was very unlikely that either Macaulay or Thackeray (whom, with slightly questionable taste, as well as unquestionable lack of point in the combination, Lord Wolsley ranks with “other romance-writers of the present century”) would attach implicit credence to the Dean of St. Patrick, to whom the former was extremely, and the latter not a little, unjust. And, as a matter of fact, some of the worst charges against Churchill are based on documents with which Swift was not even acquainted. Finally, we may note a few slips in detail which show that Lord Wolsley knows the substance better than what we may call the “atmosphere” of the subject. Thus Margaret Blagge was never “*Lady Godolphin*,” her husband not having been raised to the peerage till six years after her death; and it is very odd indeed to call Temple “high-minded,” though Macaulay may have exaggerated his time-servingness. But these things are nothing. It is sufficient that Lord Wolsley has examined the facts of the subject itself with immense care, and has set them forth in a very readable and agreeable manner, embellishing his book with charming engravings from the Duke of Buccleuch’s miniatures and other sources. Nor can we impute it to him as a very great crime that he has been rather too fond of “extracting uses” (in the old phrase) as to the defencelessness of England, the probabilities of the next battle after Sedgmoor on English ground being in front of London, and followed by the direct consequences, the precarious nature of defence by the fleet, and so forth. “Tis his vocation, Hal”; and we should be the very last to find fault with a watchman for being on the watch, and for exhorting other people to be so likewise.

The present volumes may be divided as to their matter into the usual three parts, not only without any violence, but with unquestionable propriety and precision. There is the record of Marlborough’s private life, given with a wealth and fulness of detail almost always interesting, and never by any chance irrelevant, which has never been bestowed on it before. We should not suppose it to be now possible to add much, if anything, to the account which Lord Wolsley has built up about Churchill’s family, his birthplace, his youth, and the circumstances of his disreputable loves with Barbara Palmer and his reputable ones with Sarah Jennings. As for “Atossa” herself, the biographer’s attitude seems to be pretty much that of most people who have examined the documents without having known her personally. Of those who did know her personally, Lord Wolsley confesses, and we can endorse his confession, that everybody, without exception—except her husband and, perhaps, Godolphin—seems, sooner or later, to have detested her. And he is a much less thick-and-thin advocate for her than he is for her husband. But he sees, as no one can help seeing who reads her letters and those to her, that she must have had, at any rate in her youth, some indescribable personal charm, something of the spell which makes men cry “*Nec tecum possum vivere nec sine te!*”

Of Lord Wolsley’s labours on the second, or whitewashing, division of his subject it is not possible to speak quite so favourably. He could not, indeed, avoid it; for the worst charges against his hero lie in this period. He is, no doubt, quite right in holding that, as a rule, Churchill’s faults have been set down in malice, though he may be excessive in holding himself to be the first apologist who has “sifted the evidence.” And much of what he advances is sound and good. It is true that taking money from a woman, as Churchill did from the Duchess of Cleveland, though a damning crime now, was in the view of the time a peccadillo, if even that. And it is true that Churchill’s attachment to what they called then “the Protestant religion” was absolutely unfeigned, that it was lifelong, and that it undoubtedly did to an extent certainly as great as, and perhaps greater than, his self-seeking and ambition, determine his ingratitude and treachery to James. But on this latter point Lord Wolsley, though admitting the military turpitude of Churchill’s actual desertion, does not seem sufficiently to reckon in the ethical aggravations of his conduct. Had he, when James began his anti-crusade, resigned his appointments and gone either into opposition or into privacy, he would have been a stainless hero. Had he even, like others, resorted to William before the latter set out, though he might still have seemed ungrateful, and have been technically a traitor, he would to a great extent have saved that honour which, in a letter which Lord Wolsley strangely approves, he “put into” William’s “hands.” He did neither; he betrayed his master at the very

last pinch; and, though with some excuse to show, he must stand the consequences. So, also, there is something, if not much, to be said for the plea that, if Marlborough shortly afterwards betrayed William constantly to James, just as he had betrayed James to William, “they all did it.” But where Lord Wolsley really surprises us is in his attitude to the Camaret Bay matter, that favourite exercising ground of special pleaders. He does not attempt to deny the fact that Marlborough did furnish James with the intelligence of the intended descent at Brest. But he contends that others had done so before, and that, as a matter of fact, the works which proved so fatal to Talmash had been begun long before Marlborough’s intelligence reached Paris. He knew, says Lord Wolsley, that others had already communicated the fact. Really, we had rather have Lord Wolsley as our general than as our attorney-general. Marlborough’s enemies have accused him of communicating to the enemies of England the secret destination of an English force. Lord Wolsley admits the fact, but adds that Marlborough knew he was doing no real service to the Prince to whom he was writing, *totidem verbis*, that “no consideration should prevent him from doing” such “service”! They say Marlborough was a traitor; Lord Wolsley answers “no doubt he was, but he only wanted to have a share of the credit with other traitors, and after all his particular treason was ineffectual!”

We do not, therefore, think Lord Wolsley altogether at home in this part of his task, and, from some remarks about Harley at the close of these volumes, we are afraid that he may hereafter again attempt argumentative tasks, to which he is not quite equal. But we can turn with unmixed satisfaction in the present and with lively hope for the future to his dealings with the military side of the matter. It is comparatively small, but by no means insignificant, comprehending as it does Churchill’s early service at Tangier and under Turenne; the Sedgmoor campaign; that little masterpiece, Marlborough’s expedition to capture Cork and Kinsale, and the battle of Walcourt, the only time when William’s jealousy (and we must add his own dubious conduct) allowed him to be employed on the Continent during the Orange reign. Walcourt is not of much importance (though the generalship of Humières must have given Marlborough a good object lesson what not to do), and of the early affairs so little is known save a few traditional stories that Lord Wolsley does well and wisely in giving no great space to them. But over Sedgmoor and the Cork expedition he allows himself full scope, and the result is admirable. In the former case all the brilliancy of Macaulay’s rhetoric, and the pains he spent over the spot (though no doubt these pains have been of no small use to his follower, considering that Sedgmoor is vastly changed from what it was even fifty years ago), can hardly compare with the enormous advantage which *expertise* gives to Lord Wolsley. It is interesting, too, to follow his slight, but effective, indication of the masterly fashion in which Churchill, while he had free hands, despite the smallest possible means, held and hampered Monmouth’s march at every point, while, after Feversham took the command, the rebel army was allowed to do pretty much as it liked. And Lord Wolsley seems to hold that, had it not been for the mistake about the crossing-place of the Bussex Rhine and for Grey’s cowardice, it is by no means certain that all Churchill’s exertions would have prevented the King’s troops from being routed, if not cut to pieces.

He dwells, of course, even more lovingly on the Cork and Kinsale expedition, in which Marlborough showed to the very full that combination of military and diplomatic skill in which he had no rival among generals. His critic, indeed, thinks that he should have sent on his cavalry to the second stronghold a little more rapidly after reducing the first. But it seems to us, with all submission to Lord Wolsley, that we ought to know more of the circumstances than the documents tell us before pronouncing absolutely on this point. Marlborough’s force was not large; his command was divided with the Duke of Würtemberg, whose foolish pretensions and meddling nearly wrecked the expedition as it was; the roads were admittedly abominable, and the actual time lost did not exceed one night. Moreover, Kinsale was not Cairo; but a well-fortified place with some two thousand good soldiers in it. However, Lord Wolsley may be right. At any rate Marlborough did what he wanted to do in his own way, and no general can do much more.

Every one has always praised this little campaign, and has noted in it the signs, first, of Marlborough’s irresistible way with military operations; and, secondly, of his astonishing adroitness in dealing with men. His taste of the Serenity of Würtemberg was the merest sip beforehand of the floods of bitter waters he was to have poured out for him by Dutch deputies, by those Dutch generals of whom he characteristically remarked, “Pray Heaven M— be

not beaten; for he is very capable of having it happen to him," and of that far worse Würtemberg, Louis of Baden, who would have probably managed to involve the Allies in hopeless disaster if any living man but Marlborough had been yoked with him. Every one, we say, has praised the thing; but no one before Lord Wolseley has given so admirable an account of it. And this account should be an earnest of things—as much better as their subjects are more interesting and more important—to come.

## NOVELS.

*Benefits Forgot.* By Wolcott Balestier. 3 vols. London: William Heinemann.

*The Ending of My Day: the Story of a Stormy Life.* By Rita. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1894.

*The Shibboleth.* By Mrs. Vere Campbell. London: Ward & Downey.

*Appassionata: a Musician's Story.* By Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling. London: William Heinemann.

*A Modern Heretic.* London: Clarke & Co. 1894.

*Julian Karlake's Secret.* By Mrs. J. H. Needell. London: Warne & Co.

THE circumstances under which Mr. Wolcott Balestier's novel, *Benefits Forgot*, appears are touching, and would soften unfavourable opinion were such appropriate. The criticism of errors or defects with which a friendly hand may wound the living writer is useless, as well as ungracious, when he has passed beyond its reach. And, in fact, such unfavourable opinion as the book excites sounds like the praises bestowed on inferior work. Is it clever? It is too clever. Did the author take pains over it? He took too much pains. The feeling with which one follows the closely-printed pages is like that one might have standing behind a painter and watching him patiently, painfully working out the elaboration which will go near to spoil his picture. As a whole, and apart from the too minute attention to detail, the story is most interesting, not only in itself, but in its reflection of the still strange region of the world it depicts. The West of America is still strange in its ways, not only in the eyes of Europeans, but in those of East America. Bostonians and New Yorkers still look with the gaze of curiosity on "a civilization that surveys life with its hands in its pockets and its trousers in its boots." "A people who must see life as a joke if they would escape seeing it as a tragedy" must develop humour in quaint directions, and Mr. Balestier has followed it with knowledge and appreciation. Especially and extremely clever are the feminine studies of character. The austere and crude principle, the "pathetic sincerity" of Margaret Derwenter, the New Englander, the "provincial Diana who had set out with such a fine courage to hunt down Culture with her little bow and arrow," contrasts finely with the native unconscious grace of soul of Dorothy Maurice, and both with the somewhat shallow, though kind-hearted, Beatrice Vertner. The women in this book are all good, in all senses of the word. The men are not so finely endowed morally. What strikes the Eastern reader, stretching the geographical expression as far as it will go, is the all-pervading, absorbing interest in the "dollar." Ned Vertner's "I see a dollar in it" is the motto of the West. They are all there to make their "pile." The minor details of life come in. They fall in love and marry, and children are born, and the sick and old die; but these are by the way. The dollar drinks up their souls.

"At present the world is a sink of iniquity, and Society is rotten to the core." These words of "Rita" should have taken the place of the quotation from Mrs. Browning on the title-page of her novel, *The Ending of My Day*, for they convey the burden of its import. Judging from recent productions from the pen of "Rita," it would seem that that writer has taken upon herself the duty of using the whip of satire on the follies and vices of Society. (Society must always in this connexion have a large S.) Satire, however, to be effective ought to be calm. When it shrieks and throws its arms about it changes into invective, or even degenerates into railing. Miss Belle Ffolliott not only indulges in violent mental and moral gymnastics, but she does so within the difficult and cumbrous restrictions of her diary, extracts from which compose the novel. The trivial accidents of the day, the frivolous conversations of the hour, long dissertations on the immorality of every one, descriptions of the effect of Belle's charms on all the male beings who approach her, and expoundings of Theosophy, succeed each other in this amazing journal. To Miss Ffolliott "Latin and Greek were tolerably familiar." She might have mentioned in what language the conjunction of words *le sposo* is found. That a man should be Sir Lucius on one page and Sir Lucian on another, that Jack should be the

eldest son of a baronet in the first volume and younger in the third, is only what we are used to in novels of a certain type. Belle becomes Mrs. Jack Trefusis, and conducts herself in such a way that, though innocent in the narrowest sense of the word, she is publicly and disgracefully divorced. She marries the correspondent, and after a little is received into the arms of Society with effusion. (The S ought to be particularly large for this.) At a dinner party which she gives "an Earl is at my right hand, a Bishop at my left." In a lord temporal such dubious condonation would only form a part of the general indictment of the existence of the Peers; but in a lord spiritual!

Nothing but quotation will do justice to the novel *The Shibboleth*. Naught but itself can be its parallel. "The soft mystery of the lovely and the melancholy, renewing itself with each pulsation of the Eastern night, stole along the garden, touched the lily and the water, lingered on the woman's face, and passed, like the notes of music pass, untranslated irresistible" (and ungrammatical) "thence to the other's soul." Then she danced. "The woman leaped and tossed and swayed and swung in the light." Then she stopped. "The dancer couched; the jangle of the sequins and the tinsel and the gewgaws sank and stilled; then with a bound, and a great shrill and shiver from head to foot of sound and shade and gleam, the woman whirled and sprang." This is a scene in Eastern regions. It changes then to England, and, in the natural and simple diction of to-day, "the man" says to his friend, "Don't go on bemoaning nocturnal damnation till you end by forgetting common sense." Good advice, but not taken for sense is the last factor employed by Mr. Uden in his relations with the world he lived in. He says of himself (more harshly than we should care to put it):—"I am thrice over a nightmare-beridden fatuous fool." What follows seems, though not so meant, a not inapplicable introspective verdict of the author on her own work:—"A picture, lost the instant afterwards, to be remembered only as a vision whose meaning may be—many things, each painful, each adaptable, yet all indeterminate—for the legend that belonged could not be read." And no reader, whatever he may think of certain disagreeable situations in the story, would be so rude as to describe *The Shibboleth* in language so pronounced as this:—"The mist of moonlight, the tossing of a dance; a journey and strange places; a languor and a lust; an embrace and a wound—bah, his broken dream was fit only to be flung upon the offal heap of memory, to rot there, malodorous, into nothingness."

After the turgid periods and false feeling of the book gone before, there is something refreshing in the simplicity, even in the sentimentality, of *Appassionata*. It begins in Finland, which is interesting and original, and the heroine—"a little Finnish rapscallion"—is a charming little being of sixteen when she first appears. She continues pleasant even after she leaves off her quaint childish tricks and develops into a rather perverse young woman, who won't obey her Russian husband's just command. She is punished by a seven years' situation (situation in the servile sense as well as the dramatic) after the *East Lynne* type, and then she and her now blind Count "begin life anew." The second title of the book is *A Musician's Story*; but, except that two of the characters play the piano very well, there is nothing specially musical about it. It is a bright, readable, fresh little romance.

There is not much to be said about *A Modern Heretic*. Mr. Arthur Neville Cranbrook, whose spiritual history it discloses in a not unpleasant old-fashioned style, did not make so decisive a change as that of the Reverend Mr. So and So, who was described by the thoughtful paragraphist as "abjuring the errors of the Church of Rome in order to embrace those of the Church of England." Mr. Cranbrook left the Church of England, but did not wander beyond orthodox Dissent. He was a schismatic, not an agnostic. This ecclesiastical excursion appears to the simple-minded biographer of Mr. Cranbrook's mental conditions in the same light, metaphorically, so to speak, as the quest of the Holy Grail. That the son and heir of the leading baronet in the county should become a Dissenting minister in London is a serious affair, but perhaps not quite so tremendous as it appeared to Mr. Philip Reginald.

It is not necessary to do more than draw attention to the republication, in one compact and well-printed volume, of *Julian Karlake's Secret*, a novel by Mrs. Needell, which won a well-merited success some years ago, and still keeps a place in the favour of the fiction-reading public.



## THE BADMINTON LIBRARY—BIG GAME SHOOTING.

*Big Game Shooting.* Vol. I. By Clive Phillippa-Wolley. With Contributions by Sir Samuel W. Baker, W. C. Osell, F. J. Jackson, Warburton Pike, and F. C. Selous. With Illustrations by Charles Whympere, J. Wolf, and H. Willink, and from Photographs. Vol. II. By Clive Phillippa-Wolley. With Contributions by Lieutenant-Colonel R. Heber Percy, Arnold Pike, Major Algernon C. Heber Percy, W. A. Baillie-Grohman, Sir H. Pottinger, Bart., the Earl of Kilmorey, Abel Chapman, Walter J. Buck, and St. George Littledale. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1894.

ENGLISHMEN who confine themselves to the limits of the British Isles occasionally incur some risk. But the danger comes from the incautious or the jealous shot. Sometimes an over-eager sportsman has been wounded by the tine of a red-deer brought to bay. But there is no wild-cat to fly, mad with wounds, at the face of Astor or of anybody else. And yet these two volumes are conclusive proof that, if we want to know where, when, and how to shoot large game of all kinds, from the lynx to the lion, from the black buck to the eland, from the buffalo and the bison to the elephant, we must consult contributions to sporting literature made by Englishmen who, if they stayed at home, would have encountered no four-footed animal more dangerous than a rabbit. The area traversed in these two volumes, consisting each of more than four hundred pages, includes Africa, North America, and India; as well as Spain, the Austrian Alps, the Caucasus, Russia, and the Arctic Regions. The contributors are such experienced woodsmen as Mr. F. Jackson and Mr. Selous, Colonel and Major Percy, Mr. St. G. Littledale and Mr. C. Phillippa-Wolley, and several other well-known names, including the late Sir S. Baker and the late Mr. W. C. Osell. This latter gentleman, we may add for the information of the Editor of this series, was educated at Rugby in the Thirties, in the days of Arnold, though he never rose above the fifth form. He was in the cricket Eleven when underhand bowling was still the fashion, and could throw a cricket-ball further than any other of his generation. From Rugby he entered Haileybury and then the Madras Civil Service. He had his first experience of big game in the district of Coimbatore; but he retired early to make for himself a name as the Hawk-Eye of South Africa. At school or at college he was the modest, manly, and generous fellow of Sir S. Baker's later biographical sketch.

Those who delight in thrilling escapes and adventures will find plenty to gratify them in these two volumes. The illustrations are numerous and well executed. Unsuspecting elephants are shot by the powerful eight-inch bore, with explosive bullets and some six drachms of powder; and a solitary bull just fails to reach a horseman disappearing in thick jungle. Lions and tigers charge splendidly in the open. Ibex and chamois are shot from frightful ledges where a false step of the shooter would be his death. The bison or gaur brushes bamboos aside as if they were grass and reeds. Every incident of the chase shows that, in order to be successful, a hunter should, like Milton's fiend, be able to pursue his way o'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare, while he "swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps or flies." No one, we say, ought to be tempted to any of these hunting grounds unless he has sound wind, keen sight, great powers of endurance, an inexhaustible store of patience, tact, and firmness in dealing with Bushmen, half-breeds, Indian *shikaris*, and the noble savages of all kinds; and a well-filled purse.

The value of the book lies not, however, in the description of daring encounters with malicious buffaloes and wounded tigers. Some very curious facts of natural history are recorded. The habits of wild animals of every kind have been carefully studied. Ample information is given regarding outfit, expenditure, dress and equipment, preservation of health, and remedies for fever and other diseases to which sportsmen in the tropics are exposed. In some chapters there is very little to detain the critic and allure the traveller. There are deer of several kinds, as well as wolves and boars, in Spain and Portugal. But sport there is expensive, and few men would care to pursue it in a country where it costs one hundred pounds to kill one ibex. Neither does Arctic hunting sound very attractive. The field is wide, but the only animals worth powder and ball seem to be the walrus and the Polar bear. The former, unless killed stone dead at the first shot, is apt to sink to the bottom in fifteen fathoms of water, and the only way to secure this amphibious animal is to harpoon him as you do a whale. We should recommend North America and Norway in preference to Spitzbergen to those who want to avoid a tropical or an Indian sun. The Caucasus, which is not more than eight days or so from Waterloo or Charing Cross stations, holds out the prospect of red deer, boars, chamois, bears, the tur, which may mean an ibex or a burchel, the aurochs or great ox; and every now and then a leopard and a tiger. You may roam through beautiful forests of chestnut trees or shoot on peaks

more fitted for the exercise of members of the Alpine Club. One hundred pounds formerly, and twice that sum in these days, should be the limit of each man's expense. But dialects of various kinds have to be interpreted, and ignorance of what the guide or attendant says is a sad drawback. Moreover, life, whether on grassy plains or on beetling precipices, seems to produce very different sensations on those who have tried it. To Mr. Phillippa-Wolley the Caucasus is an enchanted land, with its flower-clad steppes, snow peaks, and dense forests. His companion, on the other hand, pronounces it an accursed country, with no game to speak of, and one of "ceaseless climbing and chronic starvation."

Africa may not now swarm with the countless herds of antelopes, elephants, and other animals which met the astonished gaze of Mr. Harris in the Thirties, or of Mr. Osell ten years afterwards. But game there is still fairly plentiful, and life is by no means very trying, except for the tsetse-fly, the mosquitoes, and the risk of fever. Now let us consider some of the rules for finding and stalking game as laid down by Mr. F. J. Jackson, who has made them his special study. One great secret, he says, is to shoot early in the day. Most animals are feeding, and are soon seen. The atmosphere is clear and the air is fresh, and it is easy to judge distances. Against these advantages must be set the fact that at early hours the game is as alert as the hunter, and some one sentinel may detect the stalkers and give the alarm. In the middle of the day animals lie down to rest, and are much more easy of approach if you can make them out. We may add that those who start by daybreak in hot climates find the heat increase as the sun gets higher in the heavens, and have to return fagged and jaded to the tent or the hut at one or two o'clock. It occurs to us that the afternoon, when the game, subsequent to a siesta, is again on the move, has something to recommend it. The only drawback is that night may prevent the hunter from following a wounded animal, and may leave him to grope his way back to his camp while buffaloes grunt and lions roar around him. Instances are given where the sportsman had much difficulty in regaining his station, though guns were fired at intervals by his friends. We have known rockets employed by servants with excellent effect, in a flat country, to serve as a guide to the belated master. Mr. Jackson's hints about dress and weapons seem to us excellent. The *khaki* uniform is the best. It is not too heavy. It wears well, and the wearer is not conspicuous. Knickerbockers, with soft leather from the knee half-way up the thigh, waterproof pockets, flannel shirts, leggings, and boots studded with nails are indispensable. Some authorities recommend moccasins or shoes of supple leather in jungles where the cracking of a twig, or the footfall on dry leaves, may give alarm to deer and bison. The Indian *solah* (not solar at all) or pith hat is very well in the Indian hot and cold months. But a tropical shower reduces the pith to pulp. Protection of the nape of the neck and the head by felt or quilted cotton is essential. No one in the jungles thinks of shaving, and if the temples and neck are well covered the face may get brown and take care of itself. Tents are recommended, light, with two walls; as also iron bedsteads, a cork mattress, and air-tight cases for clothes, books, papers, and stores. In South Africa men may possibly sleep out in the open on a bundle of grass and under a blanket. But this is dangerous in East Africa, with its dews and sudden changes of temperature; and no Indian sportsman would think of marching through the Terai or the Morung without tents for his servants as well as for himself and his guests. We suspect that, in the matter of the commissariat, there must be many wide and trying distinctions. In the Arctic Regions the hunter resorts to blubber, seals, and pemmican. In the Caucasus Mr. Phillippa-Wolley eschewed what he calls luxuries, and could spend some nights on the mountain-tops with no supplies except a little bread and bacon, a flask of whisky, and a pipe. It seems odd that very few of these mighty hunters recommend you to take a fowling-piece on your trips. Floriken, partridges of several kinds, pheasants, and waterfowl abound in many of the regions described, and are pleasant additions to the meat larder. But men who have to satisfy voracious Kaffirs and other savages are more intent on killing an elephant and half a dozen antelopes, and give no thought to feathered game. We are bound to say that all these authorities deprecate the practice of slaughter for slaughter's sake when the camp has once been supplied with sufficient fresh meat.

In India the titled tourist and the M.P. on the stump for a policy, if the latter condescends to share the hospitality of the Commissioner of Rohilcund or of the Central Provinces, need not be concerned about creature comforts. Not for him and his companions are hard chunks cut from the aurochs or the buffalo, with some thin cakes made of mouldy flour. The bath awaits the sportsman at the close of a hard day in the sun, and Karim

Bukah or Hussein Khan, with a kitchen range extemporized from a few bricks, will serve up a dinner not much inferior to the flesh-pots of the Bengal and the Byculla Clubs. We note, however, that an African traveller strongly recommends a few pints of champagne as part of the equipment; and the meat of the *gutturosa* gazelle is said to be better than any game in the world. We apprehend that fish might be caught in some of these tracts, but salmon is only mentioned as the food of the bear. In such expeditions a camp-follower who could use a rod and line and a fowling-piece would be a priceless individual.

Indian *shikar* has been so fully described that we need only mention that Colonel Heber agrees with other authorities in dividing tigers into three distinct classes. (1) Those that live on cattle. (2) Those that live on game. (3) The Man-Eater. He adds that no class restricts itself absolutely to one diet. And some of these animals have been cruelly and wantonly maligned. The game-killer is really the Ryot's best friend, as he thins the boars and deer that destroy crops. The cattle-eater only takes a cow or a calf once or twice a week. The herdman himself, protected by his buffaloes, is as safe as if he were at home, and were it not from ill-judged interference on the part of some foolish individuals, no tiger would ever kill more than his one animal for a meal. But if hooted at and disturbed, the tiger feels annoyed and knocks over two or three animals needlessly at a time. As there are three kinds of tiger, so there are three ways of bagging them. There is, first and best, the grand line of fifteen or twenty elephants, of which four or five carry a howdah and a sportsman. There is the *machan* or platform in a tree to which tigers are driven by a line of beaters. And there is the tedious wait by night over a "kill" or a live-bait; here the sportsman sits perched on his *machan*, or ensconces himself inside a cage of bamboo or iron. The late General Warren, who had killed more than three hundred tigers in his day, has sat unprotected on the dead bullock's quarters and has calmly awaited the approach of the tiger. There is no subject on which more discordant and heterodox opinions have been given than on the length of tigers, the height of elephants, and the weight of game of all kinds. Excellent tables from the measurements of experts may be consulted by those who wish to know if a tiger ever measured ten or eleven feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, and whether an elephant ever reached the height of eleven feet. The schedules are most copious, and probably are more trustworthy than the tables of the Income-tax.

On the all-important subject of guns and bullets and arms of precision these volumes leave little to be desired. Some forty years ago the Cinghalese sportsman used to await the charge of an elephant, and, unless the uplifted trunk was in the way, could drop him by a bullet lodged in the hollow above the trunk. Occasionally a side shot at the eye or ear was successful. Mr. Oswell used a 10-bore Purdey with five or six drachms of powder, a 12-bore Westley Richards, and a heavy single-barrelled rifle with a two-ounce ball. In those days there were no breech-loaders. Now we are advised to take 4-bores, 8-bores, and double 500 expresses, and a 20-bore Paradox gun, and bullets of great penetration that will smash the elephant's shoulder to fragments; and for lions hollow express bullets with copper tubes, and a 450-bore Melford rifle by George Gibbs of Bristol, carrying either a 360-grain expanding bullet or a 540-grain solid bullet, &c. Even these tremendous projectiles sometimes fail to stop a charge, and bullets seem to go through the stomach and the lungs with no more perceptible effect for the first quarter of an hour or so than if the cunning beast had followed Sir Lucius's directions, and showed his assailant "the broad side of the full front." The whole subject of the "battery" requires careful and close study.

One or two points seem to us susceptible of improvement. Indian sport treats mainly of the Hills and of Upper India, and the writer has hardly touched on Central and Eastern Bengal. Neither in the catalogue of books recommended is there any mention of Mr. F. B. Simson's excellent *Letters on Sport in Eastern Bengal, nor of Ten Years' Travel and Sport in Foreign Lands*. And maps are desiderata. How is a puzzled Englishman to find giraffes on caravan routes "between Vanga and Teitá, especially at Adda and Kisagao, and between Ndara in Teitá and Nzoi in Ukumbani, particularly near Ndi, Mto Ndai, and Mto Chumvi"? But that these two volumes for some time to come will be standard works on Big Game nearly all over the world we have not the slightest doubt. They fully maintain the high character of the whole series.

## BEDDOES'S LETTERS.

*The Letters of Thomas Lovell Beddoes.* Edited, with Notes, by Edmund Gosse. London: Mathews & Lane. 1894.

WHEN, in 1851, was prefixed to Pickering's edition of *Poems by the late Thomas Lovell Beddoes* that excellent and affectionate Memoir which, until 1890, remained the chief authority for our knowledge of the singular man who has been called "the poet for poets," its writer, Mr. Thomas Forbes Kelsall, was apparently ignorant of the cause of his friend's death, which he attributes indirectly to an accident. Later on, he seems to have been better informed; for a statement which he made in 1869, when meditating the transfer of the Beddoes papers to Mr. Robert Browning, shows that, after visiting Basle, where the death took place, he had satisfied himself that Beddoes had succumbed to *tedium vite*, and died by his own hand. But the secret which Kelsall did not disclose in his lifetime remained undivulged until the publication, in 1890, by Mr. Edmund Gosse of the beautiful edition of Beddoes which formed one of the earlier issues of the "Temple Library." The papers had been shown to Mr. Gosse by Mr. Browning, at whose desire wish he examined them, and in furtherance of whose express wish he ultimately, after Mr. Browning's death, made them public. The circumstances were then for the first time revealed in connexion with an edition of the poet's works, which, over and above the beautiful typography and general presentment of the series in which it was included, had the advantage of an editor whose graceful style and sympathetic insight are never displayed so well as when he employs them to interpret and explain the genius of a brother poet. Mr. Gosse's edition of Beddoes was such a tribute as is most fitly paid by one distinguished singer to another. He has now added to our obligations by issuing, in a charming little volume, the letters which, between 1824 and 1849, Beddoes addressed to Kelsall, Barry Cornwall, and others, closing with the strange pencil-scrawled valediction which was found upon his bosom at his death. This volume, to which its editor has affixed sufficient notes, he has also prefaced by a brief account, supplementary to the Memoir in the Temple Library, of the letters themselves. The book, therefore, completes and concludes the Beddoes legacy, in so far as that legacy can now be recovered.

With Beddoes as a poet we have not here to do, nor is his fitful gift one which offers itself easily to critical analysis. He belongs, if he can be said to belong to any group, to that little band who, in the earlier part of the century, sought their inspiration, and sometimes found their justification, in the later Elizabethan drama. Many of its characteristics, and particularly what may be styled its "come-let-us-talk-of-graves-and-worms-and-epitaphs" note, Beddoes possessed in an exceptional degree. But he lacked the wing-power for a long flight, and he remains the poet of bursts and fragments—one might almost say of shreds and patches. He is an admirable mock-bird of Elizabethan blank verse; but it is in his songs (which also betray the more modern influence of Shelley) that he is most successful, particularly when they involve a certain uncanny humour which he manipulates with invariable skill. His letters fully deserve the praise given to them by Mr. Swinburne of affording "a higher view of his [Beddoes's] fine and vigorous intelligence than any other section of his literary remains"; but they would have possessed greater interest to the general if they had been written at a period more poetically fruitful than the epoch of exhaustion over which they, for the most part, extend. They nevertheless testify abundantly both to the gifts and the limitations of the writer—gifts as incontestable as the limitations are undeniable; and it is possible that those who read to the final note of leavetaking will find in it the solution of much that, in its predecessors, has served at once to attract and to tantalize their attention.

## JOAN OF ARC.

*La vraie Jeanne d'Arc. 1. La Pucelle devant l'église de son temps. 2. La Paysanne et l'Inspirée.* Par J. B. J. Ayrolles, S.J. Paris: Gaume. 1890-1894.

JEANNE D'ARC is a topic on which all Frenchmen might now agree, though she divided them so much of old. Unluckily they are still far from being unanimous about the Maiden. Thus, Father Ayrolles, S.J., in the second volume of his colossal work, attacks with violence the historians whom we have regarded as friends of Jeanne—Michelet, Martin, Quicherat, Siméon Luce. The Father's first volume (1890) set forth the views of contemporary Churchmen, as Gelu and Gerson, on the French side, and then trounced the University of Paris as schismatic, arrogant, addicted to *brigandage*, and guilty of the



Maiden's martyrdom. Father Ayrolles next analysed the judgments in favour of Jeanne given by the clerics at her Trial of Rehabilitation. Quicherat passed over these vast exhibitions of mediæval theology, and it is, no doubt, useful to study them in the work of the learned Jesuit. He ended his first volume with an account of the posthumous trial in 1450-1456. His seven hundred pages are verbose and in places inflated, but valuable.

The second volume opens with an account of the political events prior to the appearance of the Maid. She is then studied in the light of her own replies at Rouen, of the evidence given in 1450-56, and of contemporary letters. Then Father Ayrolles attacks the errors of *la libre pensée*—that is, of modern historians. This is, for the general reader, the most curious portion of a work whose motive is to establish "the supernatural" on the testimony of Jeanne d'Arc. Now we take it that, as to Jeanne's inspiration and prophecies, the "thought" of the most devout Catholic is "free." Pius II. does not venture to "affirm" that she was inspired; no doubt he had political motives for caution, certainly he was cautious. Basin, in his History of Charles VII., expressly said that all men might hold their own opinions; he gave his for the verity of the Maid's inspiration. Her miracles, we conceive, are not matters of faith; she is not even canonized. Consequently Father Ayrolles's indignation against the secular historians has an air of intolerance, and his censures, not always unfounded, are often both impolitic and ungrateful. The "Free-thinkers," as he calls them, go far beyond Lingard, who says that "this interesting female" was "self-deluded." Now Lingard was a good Catholic.

The Father, we think, entirely misconceives the position. As against the thin and ignorant incredulity of Voltaire and his school, Michelet and his followers show us a heroine perfectly pure, noble, and convinced. The hypothesis of bad faith on her part, the hypothesis of her illusion by mummeries devised to that end at the Court, are dismissed for ever. Then how is Jeanne's inspiration to be accounted for? Michelet has a theory of hallucination; her own thoughts, unconsciously objectified, took visible, audible, and tangible forms of saints and angels. Now such hallucinations are *vera causa*, and are common in madness. But Jeanne was not mad; Michelet allows to her *le bon sens dans l'exaltation*. This at once places her outside of the category of vulgar visionaries. To do this, in a secular work by a "Free-thinker," was to make an immense step in Father Ayrolles's own direction. Far from being grateful, he attacks Michelet, notably for his theory (as old as her original trial) that the sound of church bells was provocative of hallucinatory voices in Jeanne's imagination. She was, in his opinion, not to speak profanely, like Dick Whittington when he heard the bells say "Lord Mayor of London!" The hypothesis of Beupère, one of the judges at Rouen, was akin to this. Really the evidence may as fairly be taken to mean that Jeanne loved the chimes merely for calling her to her devotions; but there is no enormity in the theory of Michelet. He represents Jeanne as "nourished on saintly legends." We cannot be certain that she had ever heard them; but from a devout pilgrim mother who had visited Rome why should she not have heard them? Because *les bacheliers de nos jours* may be ignorant of Bible history and the lives of the Saints, it does not follow that these were unknown to illiterate mediæval peasants. They were, in fact, parts of folk-lore. Father Ayrolles might as wisely argue that peasants did not know fairy tales then, because a scientific specialist may be ignorant of them now. As a matter of fact the people of Domremy were novel-readers! (*Procs.* ii. 404.) Any kind of natural human preparation for Jeanne's mission is distasteful to the Father. Yet we cannot doubt that Michelet was right when he said that her mind was "nourished on legends." People are not necessarily ignorant because they are illiterate. In all likelihood, Jeanne's mother had a store of oral and Church literature. Michelet may exaggerate the dreaminess of Jeanne. Certainly she was a hard-working lass; as certainly she was often in church when her parents thought she was elsewhere. Witnesses deposed to this very fact. Michelet never says that she was *folle*. *Le bon sens* he claims as her special gift, *le bon sens dans l'exaltation*. Her common sense, she herself says, revolted against her mission. But her "exaltation" carried the day. Again, visionaries, says Michelet, were common. It is true, they were too common to be trusted. Jeanne went through a long trial at Poitiers, before she was trusted. That does make a difference in her favour. In certain points, Michelet is open to criticism, which he gets in full measure. But it is eminently impolitic to treat him as "an enemy of the supernatural." Sainte-Beuve saw, very clearly, that Michelet's tendency was in the direction of the supernatural, and this was hateful to Sainte-Beuve.

Quicherat next comes up for punishment; Quicherat, the best friend whom Jeanne ever had. In addition to his five volumes of

the Trials and other documents, Quicherat wrote a little book—*Aperçus Nouveaux*. In this work he advances beyond Michelet and, with all the weight of his unique authority, asserts for Jeanne the exercise of such faculties as theologians call "miraculous." He offers no theory; "these," he says, "are the incontrovertible facts." But, alas! he makes the visions and voices begin in 1425, in Jeanne's fourteenth year. Now the evidence extant makes it not improbable that the first visions were in 1424, in her thirteenth year. This, if true, is fatal to the contention of M. Siméon Luce, that the vision of St. Michael was "motivated" by the success, in 1425, of the French at Mont St.-Michel. We are inclined to believe that Father Ayrolles is right; that the vision was earlier than the victory of St. Michael. But, surely, this is no theme for angry declamation. Father Ayrolles actually says that Quicherat "has secret sympathies with Cauchon," who burned the Maid. Such is Quicherat's reward for his calm historical impartiality. On the other hand, Father Ayrolles probably explains correctly the Maid's famous remark, when asked, amidst the din of a crowded and hostile Court, whether she heard the voices there? "If I were in a wood I should hear them," she said. It has been argued that the rustle of boughs caused the hallucinations. Clearly, as Father Ayrolles says, she pined, in the tumult of February 25, 1431, for the silence of a wood. Quicherat is assailed for his remarks on her sin in leaping from the tower of Beurevoir. Well, Berruyer, in his *mémoire* for Jeanne's Rehabilitation, mentions on this point the sin of St. Peter. Jeanne, by her own showing, disobeyed her voices when she leaped, preferring "to trust her soul with God rather than her body with the English." The idea of suicide was not absent from her mind. She did not mean to slay herself, but she did mean to chance it. Finally, Quicherat does admit "true revelations," he does not hold that all Jeanne's prophecies were fulfilled. That is a matter for historical criticism; it is not a matter of faith.

Henri Martin fares no better. Father Ayrolles does not say a word about the singular note in which Martin admits the divine inspiration of the Maid. Probably he thinks that Martin unpatriotically accepts "the German view of God."

Lastly, M. Siméon Luce comes under the rod. He "*fait œuvre de pornographe*," he is "full of atheistic scepticism," of "*blasphèmes enfans*," and so forth. Now, on the authority of a learned member of the Society of Jesus, who knew him well, we understand that M. Luce was a religious man. He is guilty of studying Jeanne's *milieu*, not because that *milieu* explains her, but because it "furnished some of the elements of her inspiration." Thus he conceives that the affair of St.-Michel, in 1425, suggested the prominence of St. Michael in the early visions. This may be an error of date, but it is not a cold-blooded blasphemy. M. Luce's *Jeanne d'Arc à Domremy*, is, in places, rather fanciful; in places erroneous as to matters of fact. But there is no real contradiction, as Father Ayrolles tries to show, in his two pictures of Domremy. In one he says, "the chief wealth of the people was their cattle," in another "the chief, if not the only, wealth was their cattle." So it was; they had corn and wine, but cattle was their staple. He probably exaggerates the desolation of the country, no doubt, but things were bad enough (the village was burned) to impress an imaginative child, and he needs no more for his purpose. In places, were he alive, he might profit by criticism; but nobody is better for being called names—"blasphemer," "pornograph," "atheist," and so on. It is really impossible to fix the date of the emigration to Neufchâteau, whether in 1425 (Ayrolles) or 1428 (Luce). On the whole, the balance of evidence is in favour, we think, of M. Luce. He supposes Jeanne to have heard plenty of current news. Father Ayrolles denies this; he does not seem to have observed how news is circulated even by savage African tribes. The supposed ignorance of contemporary peasants is no argument against the existence of knowledge of passing events in a totally different stage of society. Father Ayrolles, again, has merely misunderstood M. Luce's remarks on the efficacy of prayer. He is not talking about "the prayer of an atheist," as Father Ayrolles imagines. He is maintaining that, "*en faisant abstraction de toute croyance religieuse*," "more is wrought by prayer than this world deems." There is the fact, he says. Prayer is efficacious; that is a fact. These are the effects, whatever you may assign as the cause, *au point de vue du naturaliste*.

We are far from holding that all of M. Luce's ingenious combinations are correct, or that all Father Ayrolles's criticisms are futile. But which of the two men shows most of the spirit of Jeanne and of her Master? The scholar who does not say all that he thinks, who is guarded, who remains within his province, is certainly a more Christian writer than the learned Father with his explosions of discourtesy, with his "pornographs," and "atheists," and "blasphemers."

This is the pity of it. France has a unique and stainless heroine; every man agrees so far, and every man understands her as best he may and praises her as best he can. Then comes Father Ayrolles and throws stones into the camp of those who have done most for the pure glory of the Maid, of those who are his natural allies. And the Father promises three volumes more on Jeanne and *la libre pensée*. Verily his zeal is not accompanied by discretion; no Jesuit was ever less "Jesuitical." At the same time, few Benedictines have been more industrious, for Father Ayrolles has collated the MSS. of the Trials; to be sure he finds very little to rectify in the text of Quicherat.

#### MR. STOPFORD BROOKE ON TENNYSON.

*Tennyson: his Art and Relation to Modern Life.* By Stopford A. Brooke. London: Isbister. 1894.

TO have written a volume of 483 pages on the poetic genius and art of Tennyson, yet not to have made it throughout an exercise in the Wholly Superfluous, is itself a considerable achievement. Mr. Stopford Brooke, however, has accomplished more than this. He has given us a book in which, long as it is, the valuable and suggestive far exceeds the unnecessary and fatiguing. It would be too much to say that Mr. Brooke's disquisitions are always and altogether free from these qualities; such an escape would be miraculous in a work of such length. But, on the whole, it may be freely acknowledged that the chapters one would like to retrench, and the passages one would wish away outright, form but a comparatively small proportion of the whole. Perhaps if the author had confined himself to that branch of his twofold subject which he does so excellently well, or—if this is too much of a counsel of perfection for a critic of these days—had had more to say about the poet's "art" and less about his "relation to modern life," one would not have had to make even this amount of deduction from the sum of praise. For, in truth, it is only when Mr. Brooke quits the domain of purely artistic criticism, and enters that region of somewhat hazy theology and hazier politics, in which he is so unhappily fond of spatiating, that we ever find him trying to our patience. And this not, let us hasten to say, because we happen to be entirely out of sympathy with what we judge to be his theological and political opinions; nor even because he fails (for he does not fail) to bring these into plausible connexion with his theory of the poet's genius and temperament; but because all that he has to say in this part of his subject is so immeasurably less important and individual, so infinitely more conventional and commonplace, than his purely poetic criticisms. As a critic of poetry Mr. Brooke—as might have been inferred, indeed, from his own essays in verse—has the root of the matter in him, and as such he discusses the art of Tennyson's work with abundance of critical insight and much felicity of expression. Here he gives us of himself, and most of what he so gives us is of admirable quality. But when he begins to instruct us on the poet's "relation to life," then, alas! he gives us not of himself, but of the school to which he belongs, and whether we agree or disagree with it, we feel that we could get just as good or as bad stuff from any one of that multitude of "earnest" young men to whom poetry has simply no meaning except in its relation to some social, or political, or theological, or philosophical "movement" in which they happen to be interested.

The union of these two so unequally valuable elements is the more to be regretted because, by reason no doubt of the particular, and otherwise fitting, structure of the book, they are difficult to disentangle. We can, it is true, conveniently skip the chapter headed "The Princess—the Woman's Question," which follows upon Mr. Brooke's interesting and appreciative analysis of that exquisite piece. But in the chapter on "Maud," and in others, we are perforce kept alternating more or less throughout between the illuminating utterances of a just and delicate criticism, and the "testifyings" of the political or theological party to which the critic belongs. The irritating effect of this reaches its highest pitch, perhaps, in the page in which Mr. Brooke interrupts his summary of the hero's closing soliloquy in "Maud" to discourse as follows:—

'The whole of this, as I said before, is a great pity. Moreover, this part of the subject is artistically unfortunate, for the Crimean was the most foolish, the most uncalled for, and the least deliberate of all our wars. It mixed us up with the Emperor of the French, a miserable companionship for a country which desired honour and freedom. Its management, at first, was a disgrace to the War Office of England.'

Surely this sudden conversion of a true critic and genuine lover of poetry into a Gladstonian stump orator of 1876 is an awful

lesson on the pernicious effects of the "relation-to-modern-life" method of estimating poetry. Here we have the value of Tennyson's motive affected by the revelations of Mr. Roebuck's Committee! Note, too, that it makes Mr. Brooke forget not only criticism but logic. For he goes on to add:—

'The subject, then, of the poem was radically bad so far as the war element in it was concerned, and this acted not only on those parts of the poem which belonged to the war, but also, even without the artist's consciousness of it, disturbed the beauty of the whole, and weakened the emotional impression he desired his work to make.'

A fuller-blown *petitio principii* than is contained in the clause italicized above it would be hard to find. Why, the artist's consciousness, in the sense of his attitude towards his own conceptions, governs everything, and to say that the quality of a work of art can be injuriously affected, without his knowledge, by any objective error in those conceptions is to assert what is not only incapable of proof, but opposed to all experience of artistic production. It was just because Tennyson's view of the Crimean War, which was that of the vast majority of his countrymen, was undoubtedly held by him, that this "most foolish, most uncalled for, and least deliberate of all our wars" formed just as effective a poetic impulse as if it had been the war with Napoleon, or with Philip of Spain, or any other great national struggle—if there be any other—of which Mr. Brooke and his school approve.

These too frequent lapses of his into controversial politics are the more provoking because he can on occasion show himself perfectly well able to sink the partisan. This is especially conspicuous in his treatment of the *Idylls of the King*. As a lover of the original Arthurian legend, he is quite within his right in resenting Tennyson's relentless modernization of its spirit, and in regretting the intrusion of English nineteenth-century virtues, vices, and ideals generally into the sixth-century Celtic epos. But here the critical faculty in him is strong enough to perceive that it is the part of the critic—after duly recording or, still better, waiving his protest against this treatment of an old-world romance—to accept the poet's postulate, and to judge his work by its conformity with or divergence from its fundamental conception. The result of this is to give us a penetrating and admirably judicial criticism on the *Idylls*, with which its somewhat undue length is the only fault to be found. Nor, it is only fair to add, is the King's Charles's head of Broad Church theology permitted to thrust itself unduly often into the chapters upon *In Memoriam*, where also the criticism, if a little too insistent on the philosophizings of the great poem, to the partial neglect of its matchless technique, is full of interest. But, on the matter of poetic structure and metrical quality in general, Mr. Brooke discourses so well in his chapters on the early poems, and in his instructive study of the gradual evolution of *CEnone* from the block to the statue—from the almost formless to the absolutely flawless—as to make us regret that he has not given us more of the same kind.

In his closing chapter—that on "the Nature Poetry"—we again find ourselves entangled in the controversial; most inextricably, perhaps, in the passage in which Mr. Brooke speaks with condescending indulgence of "the pure Anglo-Saxonism" of the poet, and with calm confidence launches the proposition—surely to the address of Mr. Grant Allen—"that he would have climbed to a higher ledge of Parnassus if he had been baptized in Celtic waters." We are not able to agree with him, moreover, in his somewhat depreciatory comparison of Tennyson's nature poetry with that of Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Keats, and Shelley—to every one of whom, somewhat to our surprise, he postpones Tennyson as regards his treatment of the external world dissociated from man. There is a lack of poetic sensibility in Mr. Brooke's remarks on this point which we own astonishes us not a little. To contend that Tennyson's nature poetry was "materialized," that it "never suggests a life in Nature," that he "did not feel anything in Nature which spoke to him soul to soul," that "he did not appear to love Nature for her own sake, or care to live with her alone," and all this because he is not perpetually discoursing, like Wordsworth, about the soul in Nature, is to confuse the essential with the accidental. It is not by talking about his union with the spirit of the world—a manner of speech which Wordsworth overdid, and which whenever his inspiration fails him becomes tiresome if not ridiculous—it is not thus, but by the depth of feeling and power of expression in his verse, that the poet makes the reader realize the Being of Nature and his own oneness with it. And one could endlessly quote passages in which Tennyson has brought this home to the reader's mind with at least as much intensity as the first and last of the five poets named, and with more than the other three.



## NEW PRINTS.

WE have received from the Librairie de l'Art a print, apparently in photogravure, possibly in mezzotint. It is not always easy, especially with proofs, to distinguish them. This print represents an elderly French priest, who is examining critically through his spectacles a present of game which his comely cook is taking from an open hamper. Behind the *curé* is his coadjutor, who looks up laughing from a book. We are not given the name of the picture or of its painter; but the engraving is signed "C. et M. Desliens." We cannot neglect this opportunity of complaining of the treatment which the publishers of valuable prints accord to their own productions in so many cases. They are sent to be criticized without a word of explanation, without the artist's name, without the title of the picture, and very often without even the name of the sender. It is not possible to do justice to a print received under these circumstances. "L'Enclos" is the title of a large lithograph which comes to us without any publisher's name. It is from a picture by M. Van Marcke, and is engraved by M. Chauvel. It represents a very Flemish-looking cow, which is gazing longingly from its own bare field over a fence at the rich pasture beyond. The landscape is beautifully rendered, and the cow's expression is excellent. Unfortunately, such pictures do not appeal to the English public, who prefer even the impossible Shorthorns of Mr. Cooper to Troyon or Van Marcke, or any other Continental painter whose ideas of cattle are seen in such a black, white-nosed, anomalous beast as this in "L'Enclos." The print is in itself interesting as a remarkably beautiful and delicate example of the now comparatively rare art of pure lithography.

## MILITARY MUSIC.

*Military Music. A History of Wind-Instrumental Bands.* By J. A. Kappey. London: Boosey & Co.

OF all the multitude who visit during the season the pleasant gardens and groves of Kneller Hall—that nursery and academy of military or "open-air" music—there are few, we suspect, who are led to study the constitution of the modern band. With the majority of the audience time passes with the sun-shadow on the dial, and the programme is their timepiece, as overture, march, and "selection" engage their attentive ears. Few, we repeat, meditate on the evolution of wind-instruments, or on the antiquity of military music as compared with the military band to which they are listening, which is a wind-orchestra of yesterday, as it were, a thing perfected within the last half-century. Any one who takes up Mr. Kappey's history, even should he be not unacquainted with the important and interesting subjects it deals with, will experience a fresh and lively zest the next occasion he finds to visit Kneller Hall. But this is only one aspect of Mr. Kappey's work. Students of music will find his historical treatise of great value, both with respect to the technical exposition of the subject and the historical information, which, as we are well assured, is apt to be the weak place in the equipment of young musicians. The writing of a history of military music, or of "wind-instrumental" bands, to quote Mr. Kappey's accurate and more expressive term, could not have fallen into more competent hands. Mr. Kappey's knowledge and experience are more than sufficient to place him among the best-equipped authorities. As a writer, again, his style and method are excellent. Clear and exact is his account of the rise and progress of the military band. The musical illustrations he gives of ancient "open-air" music, specimens of dance and song, courtly or popular, and of old municipal marches, are of great interest, and, which is better, exceedingly apt as selections. In another kind of illustration the volume is well endowed. The various plates representing groups of musical instruments in the Brussels Conservatoire are carefully reproduced by photography, and with each is given a scale of measurement in English inches. The instruments illustrated are all numbered with reference to the text. Thus readers are provided with the most practical form of illustration possible.

Mr. Kappey divides his subject into three sections, and it must be admitted that he has simplified the labyrinthine intricacies by this method with no little skill. In the first place, he gives a sketch of "Open-Air Music in Olden Times," in which he discourses of courtly or festival music of Troubadour times, and of what we may call "official" music, royal or municipal—a branch of band-music proper, more pertinent to the history of military music. The early importance of the *Thürmer* (watchman), the *Stadtprifer* (town-blower), and the *Stadtmusikus* (town-musician)—terms that gradually became confused, and finally abandoned—indicates the general passion for music among the people, and its

independent culture. It is true these primitive town-bands of the middle ages were compelled in some instances, perhaps generally, to pay for the right of enjoying their music. Hard was the case of those Bohemian minstrels who not only had to pay for their piping, but were compelled to give up one day in the year to dancing before their feudal head. We must pass over Mr. Kappey's interesting observations on the employment of wind-instrumental music at Court, and at ceremonial or festival occasions, and at the hunting of the deer, &c. The early predominance of the trumpet in royal bands is remarkable, and its significance is clearly explained by Mr. Kappey. Sir George Macfarren, in his *Musical History*, has observed that one of the most inscrutable things to the modern student is the lateness at which musical notation was brought to perfection. Scarcely less wonderful is the slow development, or rather rapid rise in modern days, of wind-instrumental music. By the seventeenth century other branches of music, as Mr. Kappey points out, were highly advanced, and this one only wholly neglected. When Louis XIV. commissioned Lully to write music for military service, the results were most meagre, mere "rude attempts." The present century, as Mr. Kappey's third section demonstrates, provided the improved instruments and the inevitable consequence, the improved music, to which we are all accustomed. In the second part of this volume will be found an excellent condensed history of the development of modern wind-instruments from their ancient prototypes. With regard to the universality of the drum, in one form or another, Mr. Kappey would except those peoples that inhabit severe or arctic climates. But, if the Esquimaux are drumless, and the people of Tierra del Fuego, there are, and have long been, drums in Lapland and other parts of Northern Europe. But we have been allured by the antiquarian interest of Mr. Kappey's valuable treatise, not unnaturally, since absorbing is that interest, and must not omit to commend the book for its strictly practical value, which is not less considerable.

## SIR HOPE GRANT.

*Life of General Sir Hope Grant; with Selections from his Correspondence.* Edited by Henry Knollys, Colonel (H.P.) R.A., his former A.D.C. 2 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1894.

THE larger part of Colonel Knollys's *Life of Sir Hope Grant* is a recension of the General's Diary. Colonel Knollys gives his reason for not publishing the Diary as it was written, and we are not prepared to deny that it is good. "Sir Hope's language," he says, "though not infrequently graphic, and even characterized by a sort of rough pathos, was habitually ungrammatical, often to an extent which obscured the instant appreciation of his meaning." The General, in fact, had a difficulty, which some other famous martial men have shared with him, in making things clear in words. At the end of his life, when he was in command at Aldershot, he once spent half an hour in explaining to his subordinates his intentions as to certain manoeuvres—but here is Colonel Knollys's account of the scene:—

"After an harangue which, I must admit, was extremely obscure, he wound up, 'And now, gentlemen, do ye all understand me?' Whereupon a rather crusty brigadier replied, 'Sir Hope, I do not understand one single word you have been saying for the last half-hour.' 'Very well,' said Sir Hope, perfectly unruffled, 'I will go over it again.' Repetition, with the same result of universal bewilderment. Shortly after, therefore, in response to some prompting, and trembling at my own audacity, I, as his A.D.C., ventured to represent to the General that his plan had not been understood, and would he permit me to take his instructions in writing? 'Certainly, my dear fellow, I know I am a terrible bad hand at explaining,' and there followed a recapitulation which left me in the same state of despairing muddle as that evinced by the irritable old brigadier. But, after a little further pondering, light suddenly began to dawn; the plan unfolded itself; it was reduced to writing; it was promulgated; it was carried out; and those who had been the first to denounce its obscurity became foremost in their admiration of the most sound, instructive, and brilliant field day of the season."

A very similar story is told of Lord Howe, whose captains were liable to be confused by his instructions, and befogged by his explanations. Colonel Knollys would appear to be justified in his belief that his General required an interpreter. He had Sir Hope's own authority for editing the Diary in this fashion, when he was preparing his *Incidents in the Sepoy War* for the press, and was entrusted with full power over the papers by the General's widow. It would have added to the interest of the book if Colonel Knollys had given a few pages of Sir Hope's Diary verbatim; we should then have been better able to judge

of what he has done with his text. The changes on his own showing are considerable. Some of them cannot, we think, be altogether happy. Thus, in one place Colonel Knollys condenses a long account of the difficulties found by the fleet and transports in descending the Yang-tsi-Kiang in the first Chinese war, though he can find space for three pages and a half for an account of a dinner given by Sir Henry Pottinger to some Chinese Commissioners. But Colonel Knollys has authority for the course he has taken, and we dare say the Diary, on the whole, is all the more readable for his editing.

A good deal of the matter of these two volumes has already appeared in the *Incidents in the Sepoy War* and *Incidents in the China War*. Colonel Knollys adds here a great deal about Sir Hope Grant's early and later life, and much biographical detail, which naturally did not come within the scope of those two works. The picture which he gives of his old General is that of an excellent officer and a very good man. It is a curious detail that he owed his first chance of distinguishing himself in service to the fact that he played the violoncello. Lord Saltoun, who himself played the violin, wanted an A.D.C. who could play the violoncello to beguile the tedium of the voyage to China. He chose Grant, who was then a captain in the 9th Lancers, on the recommendation of a friend. The offer came at the very nick of time, when Grant, having spent his younger-brother's portion, was beginning to find the life of a cavalry regiment too expensive, and to look about him for something else to do. A taste for music is not so rare among soldiers as some seem to think. Gouvion de St.-Cyr played the violin, and Lasalle, the most *sacripant* and *tapageur* of cavalry officers, had a flute. His appointment as A.D.C. to Lord Saltoun was the beginning of Grant's luck; for from that time forward till the end of the expedition to China he was in constant active service, which was all that was needed by a man of his zeal and enviable wiry strength. The earlier parts of the narrative possess more of the interest of novelty than the middle, which deal with Sir Hope Grant's well-known services in the Mutiny and China. Some of the stories are not wholly pleasant reading. Colonel Knollys tells the incident of the misconduct of the Colonel of the 9th Lancers at Sobraon, though without giving his name. It could hardly be suppressed in a Life of Hope Grant, who startled the military authorities by the very strong action he took on the occasion. The story, which is too long to quote in a review, is one of the many which show the immense difference between the discipline of the navy and the army. In the worst days of the navy a post-captain who appeared on his quarter-deck before an action so manifestly drunk as to be hissed by his own crew, and who was notoriously in that state because he had been nipping to keep his courage up, would infallibly have been broken by court-martial if the matter had been brought to the notice of his superiors at all. Yet in this case, after Grant had actually threatened to arrest his superior officer in his tent, and had been put under arrest by him for insubordination, there was a long inquiry, ending in the return of the Colonel to his post, and of Grant to his. It is not in the least surprising that the discipline of the Indian army was in a bad state between the Sikh wars and the Mutiny. Sir Hope Grant's Diary contains abundant evidence that the evil was by no means confined to the native regiments. The practice of sending military offenders to New South Wales had a most deplorable effect. The life was so easy that men committed offences of the most outrageous kind merely to earn transportation. A whole string of executions was needed to stop the mischief. Colonel Knollys prints Sir Hope Grant's account of the battle of Chillianwallah and the panic in the cavalry. The story is well known and has been much debated. Sir Hope Grant tells it in his characteristic, downright historical way, with no attempt to conceal, explain, or excuse, but at the same time with sanity and measure. He was obviously convinced that there was no mysterious explanation at all needed of what was an ordinary panic, such as the Duke of Wellington told Croker he had seen happen among the best troops of all nations. The later part of Colonel Knollys's two volumes, which deals with Sir Hope Grant's services as Quarter-Master-General, or in command at Aldershot, are made a trifle tiresome by the length at which we are told of difficulties with ritualistic chaplains and Presbyterian ministers of Scotch regiments, who protested at being called upon to hold services in buildings defiled by heathenish and papistical ornaments. It is pretty clear that, although Sir Hope was no grumbler, he did feel a little sore when Sir C. Wood selected General Mansfield over his head for the commandship-in-chief in India, and he certainly was annoyed when his promotion for good service in India had the effect of mulcting him of the value of his commission in the 9th, of which he could otherwise have disposed. His belief that he had been poorly

rewarded for the admirably managed China expedition is very clearly indicated. His reward, judging by recent standards, was not lavish. More than the G.C.B. has been given for a great deal less. We have dwelt by preference on what is new in these volumes rather than on Sir Hope Grant's chief services, which were well known already. They are, however, to be found mainly in Sir Hope's own modest words, with occasional elucidations from Colonel Knollys.

#### A SYRIAN EMIR OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

*Ousâma ibn Munqidh, un émir syrien au premier siècle des croisades (1095-1188).* Par Hartwig Derenbourg, professeur d'arabe littéral à l'école des langues orientales vivantes. Première partie. Vie d'Ousâma; deuxième partie, texte arabe de l'autobiographie d'Ousâma d'après le manuscrit de l'Escurial. Paris: Leroux. 1886-1893.

THE modern historian of the Crusades is already in a position very different from that even of so little ancient a writer as Michaud. It is no longer possible to work entirely from the European side and ignore the rich materials offered by the Arabic chroniclers. The splendid, if unwieldy, texts and translations of the *Historiens orientaux des croisades*, published in folio by the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, furnish the student with almost everything that the native writers can tell him, up to the death of Saladin at least, and there is no excuse now for imagining that William of Tyre, or the *Itinerarium Peregrinorum*, or Roger of Howden has said the last word on the subject. But, among recent additions to the literature of the Crusades, few are more interesting than the autobiography of a twelfth-century Arab prince, of which M. Hartwig Derenbourg has just completed a superb edition for the valuable series issued by the École des Langues Orientales Vivantes. M. Derenbourg, who is a finished Arabic scholar, a man of historical insight, and no mean wielder of the pen, published the original text of Ousâma's work in 1886, from a unique manuscript preserved in the Escurial Library. In 1889 and 1893 he supplemented the Arabic text, which could necessarily be useful only to specialists, by a French paraphrase, which all who run may read. He wisely decided not to limit his version to a mere translation, which would have needed a cumbrous system of notes to make it serviceable to those who do not happen to be familiar with Oriental history. In preference he chose the plan of writing a Life of Ousâma, in which the Emir's autobiography duly appears in inverted commas, but supplemented and illustrated by such historical aids and lights as a minute—indeed, an exhaustive—search among contemporary Eastern authorities and modern European commentators and critics could amass. Too high praise cannot be given to M. Derenbourg's industry and scholarship. His very footnotes form the best possible bibliography of the period to which his work relates, and the *Vie d'Ousâma* at once takes rank among the leading authorities for the history and life of the men against whom the Crusaders did battle in Syria and Egypt during the twelfth century of Salvation, or the sixth after the exodus from Mecca of "our lord Mohammad, upon whom be the mercy of God and His blessings!"

For Ousâma does what no other anti-crusading historian (save, perhaps, Ibn-Khalikân in his priceless biographies) ever accomplishes; he breaks down all reserve, and takes us frankly into his own life, tells us his hopes and disappointments, his pleasures and toils, his opinions of his neighbours, friends, and enemies, till we begin to understand the sort of men with whom Saladin lived and Richard fought. It is true that Ousâma was an Arab of the Arabs, whilst most of the Muslim leaders were Turkomans, and Saladin himself was a Kurd—an Aryan even as we are. But Turks and Kurds in adopting the religion of Islam put on the ways and thoughts of the Muslim Arab, so far as in them lay; and Ousâma's views of life were very much what all Mohammedan chiefs set before them, though not all attained their aim. Of course there is the difference in Ousâma which has always distinguished the Arab from his neighbours; the ambitious, restless nature, loving power, but still more loving self-glorification, boastful and braggart, somewhat unscrupulous where self-interest was concerned, scarcely patriotic, ready to sacrifice sentiment for interest, and interest itself for pride and personal ideas of honour supple and *rust*, delighting in intrigue, and greedy of change, ever impatient and flighty, but full of charm and sensitive to poetry, which to such natures is the noblest business of man, after war; but a poetry as fugitive, changing, and inconsistent as its authors. All this is of the Arab, not of the Turk. Yet the Turk of those days humbly followed in his teacher's steps, and tried as best he could to be an Arab; surrounded himself with Arab masters, who talked Koranic exegesis and Basra grammar, chanted Arab *Kasidas* and recited jingling *Makamât* into his willing and admiring ears. If we are fortunate enough to come to a good



understanding with Osâma and his Arab friends, we shall find it less difficult to make the full acquaintance of his Turkoman allies.

Moreover, Osâma was considerate in his choice of epoch. He came into the world at the right moment for us, and was good enough to stay in it for ninety-three years. His life covers the great age of crusading enterprise in Syria. He was born at Shaizar, near Hamâh, on the 4th of July—not then emblazoned with Stars and Stripes—1095, three years before the Franks took Antioch as the first step towards their conquest of Jerusalem in 1099; and he died at Damascus on the 16th of November, 1188, a year after Saladin had retaken the Holy City from the foreigners. His childhood witnessed the foundation of the Frank kingdom of Jerusalem, the principality of Antioch, the county of Tripoli; his old age saw the crusaders driven step by step from their strongholds by the horsemen of Saladin, till his eyes closed upon a Syria and a Holy Land restored to the True Believers. For close upon a century, as centuries are reckoned in the shifting calendar of Islam, Osâma watched and sometimes joined in the fray. He knew all the leaders. Among the Muslims Il-Ghâzy of Mardin suggested his earliest impressions of a warrior for the faith. Later he served under the famous Imâd-ed-din Zengy, the great Atâbeg of Mosul, whose valiant campaigns against the Franks gained him the coveted epitaph of a Shahid or Martyr on God's Path. He lived at Damascus in intimacy with its Seljuk king, and again with his successor, "Light of the Faith," Nûr-ed-din; at Cairo in friendship with the great vizier Talâi' ibn Ruzâik; in Mesopotamia with the warlike and cultured Ortukid chief of Hisn Keyfâ; at Damascus once more at the Court of the generous Saladin himself. Of Franks he knew many of high degree, and some were his closest friends. King Baldwin was himself a prisoner in Osâma's fortress; Tancred besieged it more than once; and the Arab chief went near to capturing a lesser Baldwin with his own bow and spear. He went to Jerusalem and talked with King Fulk, through an interpreter, for Osâma knew not the Frankish tongue. He watched the easy morals of crusader husbands, and thanked God that he and his fathers took jealous care of their wives, the "mothers of men." Yet he liked the friendly Christians of the settled colonies in Syria, though he despised their little regard for a plighted word and wished they knew what Arab honour meant. The people he could not tolerate were not the old-established crusaders, who were capital boon fellows and very nearly as good Muslims as himself, but the miserable fanatics who came on pilgrimage and could not be made to understand that the Muslims and Christians were really getting on together very well if only they were let alone. Yet it must be confessed that, when Saladin began to triumph, no one was more zealous for the Holy War than the inconstant Arab.

Osâma's bringing up had not encouraged strong party feelings. Shaizar, the stronghold of his forefathers, the Benu Munkidh (who held it from 1025 to 1157, when the great "earthquake of Hamâh" shook it down), was so situated that a good understanding with both Franks and Muslims added to the enjoyment of life. It stood—and its ruins, now called Saijar, still stand—on a plateau reared on a bold cliff of the Ansâriya mountains, on the border of the Christian territories of Antioch. The notched edge of the walls and towers, as they climbed the mountain, procured the place the nickname of "The Cock's Comb"; and the highest tooth was formed by the tall turret where Osâma's uncle flew his banner from the point of his lance. Below, at a giddy depth, rolled the Orontes; and the one approach to the castle, after crossing the river on a stone bridge, was interrupted by a deep ditch crossed by planks, which were easily done away with when enemies were near. Hanging to the hillside was the lower town, guarded by the "Castle of the Bridge," whilst the "Suburb of the Bridge" lay beyond. Altogether Osâma's people mustered from three to five thousand fighting men, and often the authority of the clan extended round about as far as Kafartâb, Apamea, and even Latakia on the coast. Shaizar was never taken by fair force, and when an entrance was effected by stealth, the invaders were cut to pieces and thrown over the battlements down into the depths of the river. Nevertheless, it was uncomfortable to be always on the defence, and the master of Shaizar found it convenient at times to present a timely bakh-sheesh to Tancred or other invader sooner than be kept cooped up like a lion in a cage. Moreover, such confinement interfered with hunting.

Among the six hundred names which the Arabic language has extravagantly allotted to the king of beasts, Osâma is one; and in his love of the chase the Arab chief was a true lion. He had no governing to do, for his father Murshid, an easygoing, pleasure-loving sportsman, preferred independence to affairs of State, and

abandoned the headship to his young brother. Brought up as a younger son, with nothing serious to do, except to take a hand when some of the numerous petty rulers of Syria, Muslim or Frank, came near Shaizar on the warpath, Osâma naturally followed his father's example, and when he had learned all he could from the professors (one from distant Toledo) who trained him in the wisdom of the Arabians, he betook himself, in times of peace, to the pursuit of all manner of game, large and small. When he was sent on an embassy to Ispahan he was careful to provide himself with "falcons and a clever little weasel, to catch the birds coming out of the scrub," and he wiled away the tedium of travel with hunting hare and bustard. He was well set up in sporting dogs and birds, for his father used to send every year to Constantinople for setters and falcons. Great hunting parties were organized at Shaizar, with as much care as a general takes in setting out the order of battle, and Murshid excelled in such things, if we may believe his son, who never missed a meet or a "shoot," if he could help it, for seventy years. But what Osâma loved best was the chase of his namesake. "I have fought endless combats," he says, "with lions, and have killed so many that, even if I have rivals on other matters, no one I know of can approach my experience in lion-hunting." He loved to brag, and he did not know Gordon Cumming or Mr. F. C. Selous. "I know, for example, that the lion, like every other animal, fears man and flies from him. He has a strong measure of indifference and indolence, so long as he is not wounded; but then—he is the lion, and then he becomes terrific." But Osâma, like his father, had it written in his horoscope that "fear should be unknown" to him, and he stalked his lion as coolly as he coursed his hares, and shot him at close quarters from his ambuscade. After killing lions without number, it was humiliating to be almost chopped by a hyena—a distinctly contemptible beast; it was nearly as bad as the case of the hunter of his acquaintance who, after putting his arrow into a lion's heart, incontinently died from the sting of a scorpion in his boot. Osâma has a great deal to tell us of sport in Syria and Egypt, and he had a quick eye for nature. Many of his anecdotes are really curious studies of natural history.

He had a dreary old age. He outlived the fighting that he loved and the chase in which he revelled. At forty, when already a "brother of white hair," he mournfully contemplates the approach of senility, and laments his doleful career:—"If you count my years, and deduct the times of sorrow, you will find my age at my birth." His prowess made him enemies at home, and he left his jealous uncle's house. Wherever he went his arrogant temper and incurable habit of meddling in political intrigue got him into trouble. At Damascus, at Cairo, at Keyfâ, despite his charm, his valour, his brilliant talk, and his ingenious trick of poetry, he always outstayed his welcome. One by one the old friends died away, to be succeeded by no new alliance. "Weep not for them, but for me," he cries; "I have outlived them all. I am struck to stone in a limitless desert." He took to writing, and many were his books:—poems, a treatise on style, a theory of politics, anecdotes of women (good women, be it said), histories, his autobiography (entitled *The Book of Instruction by Example*), and the *Book of the Rod*—not old Isaak's, but Aaron's, and sundry other inferior sticks, down to his own crutch. But he was not happy, and never contented. The devotion of many who delighted in his society was too often checked by his haughty bitterness; even Saladin found him impossible. The restless, proud old Arab, who had outlived his pleasures and his friends, felt himself neglected, and cursed his destiny. With the melancholy of his race, he looked back only upon his disappointments, and they enraged him. "Give me sorrow rather than patience" was his rebellious cry; and, impatient, he died in his ninety-fourth year, after living through an epoch of surpassing interest, in which he played no inconsiderable part.

#### EARLY CHRISTIAN ART.

*History of Early Christian Art.* By the Rev. Edward L. Cutts, D.D.  
London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

DR. CUTTS'S handbook cannot be said to contain any fresh contributions to our knowledge of art during the first few centuries of the Christian era; it chiefly consists of a series of compilations from various standard works on the subject. The chief merit of the book depends mainly on the fact that it gives fairly good general outlines of early Christian architecture, painting, sculpture, and other arts in a small compass, and in language which is free from technicalities that might puzzle the general reader. The earlier part of Dr. Cutts's handbook is devoted to a sketch of the architectural development of the Christian Church; first, during the period before Constantine and the Peace of the

Church; and, secondly, during the period of Constantine and his successors in the Eastern Empire.

With regard to the first three centuries of the Christian faith, Dr. Cutts points out that persecution was far less general and prolonged than is usually supposed. Even while the old pagan cults were still the established religion of the State, there were various long periods when the Christians were allowed to celebrate their worship with little or no need for concealment; and it is a popular delusion to imagine that the Christians, as a rule, before Constantine's time performed their sacred mysteries in the dark chambers of the Catacombs, under constant fear of discovery and interruption. The fact is that, during the reigns of many of the pre-Christian emperors, Christian worship was held in the private houses of the wealthier members of the faith with very little attempt at, or need for, concealment. There seems, however, very little ground for Dr. Cutts's further suggestion that those early churches, which were specially built for sacred purposes, were, in plan and arrangement, influenced by this habit of holding worship in private houses. Dr. Cutts thinks that the nave of the primitive church was a development from the open atrium of the ordinary Roman house, and that the sanctuary, with its curtained altar, was derived from the *tablinum*, or central room, on one side of the atrium, which frequently had a large opening into the roofless atrium, closed only by a curtain. Such Christian churches as were built before the reign of Constantine were, in all probability, planned after the fashion of a Roman basilica (as were the later churches) or, possibly, in general arrangement, were derived from the pagan temple of the Roman Empire.

In his remarks on Roman temples, Dr. Cutts shows that he does not at all realize how very different they were, in plan and in their mode of use, from the earlier temples of the Greeks. Speaking of the Roman temples, Dr. Cutts says, "Since the cella was not intended to contain a body of worshippers, it was comparatively small and dark. An early church was architecturally a temple turned inside out." To a large extent this is true with regard to the temples of the Greeks; but Rome contained a vast number of temples with cellæ of great size and magnificence, capable of accommodating a large body of worshippers—such as the Temple of Juno Moneta on the Capitoline Hill; the Temple of Concord at the base of the same hill, facing towards the Forum; the Temple of Venus and Rome on the opposite side of the Forum; the Temple of Diana on the Aventine Hill; the Temple of the Sun on the Quirinal, and many others. That Roman temples were too small to serve as models for Christian churches is a most untenable proposition, and it happens that of the three existing Roman temples, which at a comparatively early date were turned into churches, two are among the smallest of the temples of ancient Rome. These are the church of S. Maria Egypciaca, in the so-called "Temple of Fortuna Virilis," and the adjacent church of Santa Maria del Sole, in the small circular temple by the Tiber, the original dedication of which is unknown.

In his account of the churches built after Constantine's time, Dr. Cutts describes the Basilicas of San Clemente, Sant' Agnese, and a few others; but, like most writers on the subject, he wholly omits to mention the one which, in some respects, is the most perfect existing example of an early church in Europe. This is the Basilica of the Quattro Santi Incononati, close by San Clemente, a very noble and lofty building with a stately apsidal end built on the slope of the hill towards the Colosseum. This is the only existing church which possesses both the open atrium at the entrance and the galleries for women over the two aisles of the nave—features which exist separately in the churches of San Clemente and Sant' Agnese fuori le Mura.

Dr. Cutts's history of the architectural development of the Christian Church omits any description of the manner in which churches, which were originally built with their apse and principal altar towards the west, came in later times to have the reverse arrangement—the eastern sanctuary, which, from about the tenth or eleventh century, became the usual arrangement throughout Europe. The earliest churches had, as a rule, their altar at the west end, because the officiating priest stood with his back to the apse, and his face towards the congregation in the nave, the altar being between the two. The object aimed at was that the priest (during celebration) should face eastwards; and thus it was necessary to place the apse at the west. In later times the position of the celebrant was altered; he stood with his back to the people, between them and the altar. So, in order that he might still face eastwards, the altar had to be set at the east end of the building. For some time during the transitional period of change it appears to have been a common practice to build large cathedrals and monastic churches with an apse and an altar both at the east and at the west end of the building. This arrangement is shown on the famous St. Gall plan, which is mentioned

by Dr. Cutts. The cathedral of Canterbury, which existed till the present building was erected, in the same way had an apse at both ends. These two apsidal ends existed in many other important churches, till about the time of the Norman Conquest of England, or a little later.

The rest of this handbook is devoted to brief descriptions of the Catacombs, the symbols, the painting, the sculpture, and other arts of the early Christian period. With regard to the favourite early Christian subject, both in painting and plastic art, of the Good Shepherd, represented as a beardless youth bearing a sheep upon his shoulders, it is surprising to find any modern writer denying the connexion between this motive and the ancient group of Hermes Criophoros, which was so often repeated by many Greek sculptors, from Kalamis downwards. A sufficient number of examples, both Greek and Christian, of this motive exist to show clearly the pagan origin of the design; and it would be quite as reasonable to deny any connexion between the myth of Orpheus and the early paintings of Christ wearing a Phrygian cap, and playing on the lyre to a circle of listening beasts.

It would be difficult to say much in praise of Dr. Cutts's chapters on mosaic, ivories, coins, and other examples of the lesser arts. The writer is evidently but little acquainted with his subject, and consequently a great many inaccuracies are to be found in this portion of his book. Some of these errors are evidently simply misprints, such as *Trastevere* for *Trastevere* (p. 30), *Apollinare Nuova* for *Nuovo* (p. 76), and *Agra Verano* for *Agro* (p. 127). It is, however, a more serious blunder to speak of the "Basilica of Ulpia" (p. 41), and to state that its roof had beams of bronze, or to state that glass mosaics were an invention of Christian times, or to call the Basilica of St. Peter "the ancient Vatican" (p. 288), or to illustrate a tenth-century textus-cover (p. 300), and to describe it as "a pax of the eighth century," the use of a special object as a pax being a very much later invention. Many other similar oversights might be pointed out, which go far to diminish the value of what otherwise might have been a useful handbook.

The illustrations are all copied from older books; some are fairly good, but most of them are very poor indeed. No illustration at all is better than such a caricature as that on p. 294, which professes to represent the fine mosaic picture at Ravenna of the Empress Theodora and her attendants; and many of the illustrations of early Christian paintings are but little better.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

*Vieux souvenirs.* Par le Prince de Joinville. 1818-1848. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

*La captivité de Sainte-Hélène.* Par Georges Firmin-Didot. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 1894.

IN a certain interesting point, as everybody acquainted with the two subjects will perceive, these books overlap one another; and, while there is thus a reason for noticing them together, each is of sufficient importance to deserve notice at some length. It is to be hoped that the point to which we have referred—the expedition which the Prince of Joinville commanded for the purpose of fetching back the body of Buonaparte—is very well known to all Englishmen by the admirable, if somewhat severe, satire of *The Second Funeral of Napoleon*. The narratives, both of the Prince himself and of M. Firmin-Didot, will show the accuracy of Thackeray's narrative as far as they concern it; and we may add that, while the Prince makes a half-apology for the robustious proceedings, in the way of clearing for a totally imaginary action, over which the English satirist makes such bitter fun, he does not seem to have a very much higher opinion of the *funasha* which followed the landing of the body on French shores than Thackeray himself. And it must be added that not only here but everywhere else the Prince's references to England and Englishmen (except a little growl at the Crimean alliance, on which we can assure him Englishmen look back with no greater affection) are uniformly pleasant and hearty. He did not, indeed, get on with Sir Robert Wilson at Gibraltar very well when he was on the famous Mogador expedition. But even then his relations with English officers (among whom he mentions Sir Provo Wallis, lately deceased in fulness of years) were quite satisfactory.

From many other points of view, however, besides those of national susceptibility these *Vieux souvenirs* are very pleasant reading. The Prince has illustrated them with his own hand, carefully ticketing all the personages represented in the good old fashion; and this gallery is agreeable to turn over for and by itself. He can hardly, we suppose, have drawn the formal "constatation" of his birth by his father, the Chancellor of France, and the Neapolitan Ambassador at once and on the spot; nor can



even the tableau of himself and his sisters as small children going up the Tuileries staircase, rather hampered by certain things which look like coffins, but which really were the vehicles of His Majesty's dinner, have been done "at temp. of tale." But they are all agreeable, and so are those where the Prince does his best to punch another boy's head in generous youth, where he nearly tumbles off the main-top of the *Sirène*, where his horse is wounded in Fieschi's business, where he is entertained by Governor Maclean at Cape Coast Castle, the table being served by twenty ebony maids in a neat and appropriate uniform consisting of a table-napkin over the arm and a head-dress on the head, where in a lovely hat like Mr. Midshipman Easy's, and with sword drawn, he is bursting in an open door at Vera Cruz, and scores of others. Nor is the letter-press less pleasing than the cuts. A certain youthful relation of the Prince's might learn from him how to write with great advantage. He is lively; he "takes notice"; he is invariably good-natured and good-humoured; and he does not go out of his way either to talk big or to talk funny. If he waves his sword at Vera Cruz and Mogador, he admits with the greatest frankness that on his first voyage the entire crew of the ship deserted at Malta, and the despairing captain and officers, very much against their will, had to call in the English police and military to catch the truants. He tells a pleasant legend of a picture-purchase of his (it was a Marillat rejected by the Salon jury) against which the authorities had the incredible meanness to protest, Louis Philippe (as, indeed, we should expect of him) not sending them about their business, as Charles X. just before did with the Academy in the *Hernani* matter. In fact, the book, though very unpretentiously written, is full of pleasant matter, and leaves us in much better charity with the Prince than, to tell the truth, we have ever been with any other member of his family who has written a book. The priggishness, the theatricality, and, above all, the perpetual haunting touch of some hidden self-seeking or insincerity, which are the curses of the Orleans family, are here quite absent. Perhaps the sea, to whose breezes he was exposed so early, blew them out of the Prince's head and heart; and indeed there are few purifiers like it.

There is only one fault which we have to find with M. Firmin-Didot's book, and that is what we fear we must call the childish rudeness—surprising in a man of letters by right of birth and a diplomatist by profession—of speaking of "Hudson Lowe" *tout court*, while everybody else in the book has his proper style and title. Sir Hudson accepted a graceless office, and perhaps did not discharge it with even the graciousness of which it admitted. But all manly Frenchmen might surely admit that he only did what he thought his duty, and that the petulant and undignified conduct of his great prisoner was responsible for at least half the friction. Otherwise the book makes an interesting and a very well-executed contribution to the Story of St. Helena. It is chiefly drawn from the papers of a certain Marquis de Montchenu, who appears to us—we may be prejudiced—to have been a much more objectionable person than "Hudson Lowe." The Allies, terrified of Napoleon, and perhaps a little suspicious of England, had stipulated for the right to send each a representative to the island to watch events. Prussia did not exercise this; Russia and Austria did, while France, though not empowered by treaty to do so, followed their example. Montchenu was the French commissioner, and it is on his reports, augmented from other sources, that M. Firmin-Didot writes. They consist in the main of perpetual grumbles at the discomforts and dearness of the place, petitions for increased salary, tittle-tattle about what goes on at Longwood of all kinds, and extremely frank wishes for the Emperor's death. M. Firmin-Didot, however, with a good deal of skill and without too much apparent piecing, has managed to work them into, or into them, something like a complete history of the melancholy, hopeless close of a wonderful career. The story can never be a wholly pleasant one for an Englishman to read; though we do not know that it need be specially unpleasant. After Elba nothing short of St. Helena was possible. And as for treatment, what is to be said of a man who, in almost his dying words, described himself as *manquant de tout*, "in a state of utter destitution," when the English Government was spending about twenty thousand a year on him, when he had immense resources of his own to draw on if he chose, when a household of fifty people was being kept up for him with rations of a hundred dozen of wine and 2,700 pounds of meat, with sundries to match, per month, and when he would see scarcely any doctors, would take no medicine, and deprived himself of the exercise which he knew to be his only safety from a childish craze about surveillance?

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE volume of *Select Statutes illustrative of Elizabeth and James I.*, edited by G. W. Prothero (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press), treats of the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity, the High Commission of 1559—the full texts of which are given—and is of great interest and importance to students of English Constitutional History. Several documents in the collection are either wholly or partly printed for the first time. Hence the work offers much that is extremely interesting to historical students. The chief features of interest, in their legal or constitutional and historical aspects, presented by the whole body of documents are most effectively dealt with by Mr. Prothero in his luminous and admirably searching introduction to the volume. Both in comment and illustration, and in expository treatment, this introduction is entirely excellent. Mr. Prothero's volume is intended to hold a position between the *Select Charters* edited by the Bishop of Oxford and Mr. S. R. Gardiner's *Constitutional Documents of the Puritan Revolution*, also issued from the Clarendon Press.

Professor Thorpe has collected into one volume, under the title *Essays in Historical Chemistry* (Macmillan & Co.), his lectures and addresses on famous chemists and their work, delivered by him within the last twenty years. Most of these lectures have appeared in another form previously; but it is a distinct gain to the reader to have them altogether in one book with something approaching historical sequence. For example, those on "Priestly," "Lavoisier," and "Cavendish," each of which comprises a good biographical sketch, form a homogeneous group with the lecture on Priestly, Cavendish, and Lavoisier and "La Révolution Chimique." And so, with regard to the rest, we have in this interesting volume lectures that deal with certain epochs in the modern history of chemistry, though the author disclaims the strictly definitive design of a history of the science.

Mr. R. H. Hutton's *Criticisms on Contemporary Thought and Thinkers* (Macmillan & Co.), two volumes, comprises reviews and other contributions to the *Spectator*, dealing chiefly with morals and letters and scientific questions. The gathering is truly miscellaneous, and, being itself a selection, tempts the reader to select, after his taste, and is various enough to render the process an easy one. Here are several reviews of Sir John Lubbock's works on ants and bees, and another on the "Conscience of Animals" and Mr. Romanes. These are congenial themes and treated with sympathy. We always enjoy Mr. Hutton's Wordsworthian writings, and especially delightful is the serious view of Mr. Ruskin as a critic of poetry unfolded in "Mr. Ruskin on Wordsworth." Mr. Hutton's righteous indignation is a little extreme. Perhaps the circumstances justify amusement rather than irritation. Mr. Ruskin has often uttered unfortunate judgments on the poets. So has Carlyle, who as a critic may share the bad eminence assigned to David Hume and Adam Smith by Wordsworth. Indeed, Mr. Hutton supplies good instances (p. 42, vol. i.) of Carlyle's insensibility to poetry, though none more striking than the philosopher's paltry, sneering verdict on Keats. It is the old story of English Bards and Scottish Critics.

The new illustrated quarterly, *The Yellow Book* (Mathews & Lane), if not precisely the book of beauty and the beautiful book we had been led to anticipate, comprises certain good matters that will engage the discriminating taste. There is some delicate satire, and humour less elusive than the author offers on occasion in "The Death of the Lion," by Mr. Henry James. We do more than smile, in a deep inward fashion, at this amusing representation of the whole art of interviewing and puffery. There is honest laughter in the picture of the converted interviewer. Mr. Saintsbury's meditation of "A Sentimental Cellar" is a charming concept, with a pleasing flavour of old-fashioned sentiment. Dr. Garnett's article, with translations, on Luigi Tansillo, his love story and his love sonnets, is another contribution that claims attention. The illustrations of *The Yellow Book* are, like woman's love, a thing apart, and certainly do not justify its existence, while the get-up of the book is curiously unlovely, and like the children's Christmas picture-books in appearance.

Mr. C. J. Riethmüller's *Early and Late Poems* (Bell & Sons) represents a small gathering of verse from various periodicals, and contains some tuneful and graceful lyrics which decidedly deserve not the burial "under a miscellaneous mass of literature," of which the author speaks in his preface. "Men of England!" and "The Parting of Comrades" are stirring songs, and "Oblivion" is not less excellent in a very different style of sentiment.

Of Mr. W. E. Brockbank's *Ashtorel; and other Poems* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) we cannot say that the individuality of inspiration is at all commensurate with the accomplish-

ment of verse. "The Kelpie's Call" is a pretty poem, and in execution and conception the most successful of Mr. Brockbank's lyrics. The verse generally is fluent and correct, though we have to note such defective rhymes as "form" and "warm," and an infelicitous line of the refrain in "The Tarn."

Mrs. Hinkson's book of song is well named *Cuckoo Songs* (Mathews & Lane), for the birdlike freshness and spontaneous charm of the lyrics, and not, it needs scarcely to be said, for any monotony of manner in the singer. There is, in truth, a considerable range of lyrical expression and excellent vocal compass in this little book. Like "Brother Ronain," of whom Mrs. Hinkson sings so delightfully, the poetess may be said to sing as if she, too, "Knows the bird-tongue, every word," and all the birds' notes of joy and grieving. Many of her songs are exquisitely dainty, as if compact of air and flame. The little poem (p. 96)—"Comfort to a Blackbird," we may style it—is as quaintly expressed as it is pretty in sentiment. In pathetic themes Mrs. Hinkson seldom fails to charm, and the charm is instantaneous in working. "The Sad Mother" is a good instance of her command of natural effortless lyrical expression.

We cannot say that Mr. Grant Allen's verses, *The Lower Slopes* (Mathews & Lane), are free from the evidences of effort and strain. Nor are they wanting in the affectionation that is denoted by the title "Reminiscences of excursions round the base of Helicon, undertaken for the most part in Early Manhood." Were it not for this intimation, we should not have suspected the Heliconian origin of these rhymes. But there is some play of fancy in the book, and considerable ingenuity. The verses on "The First Idealist":—

A jelly-fish swam in a tropic sea,  
And he said, "This world is made for Me,"

are neatly turned, and have a pretty moral, as a good fable should have. Pretty, also, are the stanzas of the tiny fay "In Coral Land":—

On a darting shrimp  
Our frolicsome imp  
With bridle of gimp  
Would gambol;  
Or astride on the back  
Of a sea-horse black  
(As a gentleman's hack)  
He'd amble.  
Of emerald green  
And sapphire's sheen  
He made his queen  
A tiar;  
And the merry two  
Their whole life through  
Were as happy as you  
And I are.

*The Other Side*, by Virginia Frazer Boyle (Cambridge: Riverside Press), is "an Historic Poem," of a wild rhetorical kind, written from the Southern side, or Secessionist point of view. In one passage the "young Republic" is likened to "an angered stag" that turns

His antler thrusts upon his beating heart—

which calls up an image of anguish hard to realize. The assassin of Lincoln is said to have fled

Adown the darkness of the sphinx-like years,  
A restless Judah, still unblessed of death!

We suppose that we are right in assuming that Booth is here referred to. But the verse is cryptic, indeed, if historic. And what is "a restless Judah"? Can it be meant for the Wandering Jew? However, the poem is hard reading, from the first verse to the last, which runs thus—

And left a Grandeur on the heart of Time.

From Messrs. Rider & Son we have three small and practical handbooks of a "Technical Series," No. 1 of which deals with "Power Users"—*Modern Shafting and Gearing*, by M. Powis Bale—and treats especially of the economical transmission of power. No. 2 is a translation from the French of the Count des Cars, a treatise on *Tree Pruning*, by Mr. Charles Sargent, of Harvard College, which is likely to profit nobody but the competent and conservative forester. No. 3 is a useful handbook by Mr. Angus Webster on *Practical Forestry* which we can commend without reservations.

In Messrs. Bell's series of "English Classics" we have two new volumes of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," *Pope and Swift*, both edited and very fully annotated by Mr. F. Ryland, whose aim has been, not merely to guide and instruct the young student, but also to meet the requirements of older persons.

Professor Judd has done good service to students of a very interesting branch of geology by introducing to them Professor H. Behrens's *Manual of Microchemical Analysis* (Macmillan & Co.) in

an English dress. The book contains a remarkably clear account of the methods by means of which very minute quantities of mineral substances can be subjected to chemical tests, and their character recognized. The study of rocks under the microscope has made great strides of late years; but, as every investigator knows, there are difficulties which this instrument cannot always solve, in which also the ordinary methods of chemical analysis cannot be employed. But Professor Behrens explains how many of these difficulties can be overcome, even though the materials available for study are extremely minute in quantity. His book has an exceptional value, because he has not only summarized the results obtained by earlier observers, but also has rigorously tested their processes, and has added sundry cautions to save the student from being misled, either by any exceptional conditions during the operation or by the presence of infinitesimal quantities of foreign materials in the substance tested. The methods, being so simple, comparatively speaking, will be often helpful, like blow-pipe assaying, to the chemist as well as to the geologist.

Various volumes we have to hand of the excellent series of "German Classics for English Students," some with vocabularies, some without, and all provided with clear and sufficient explanatory notes. Of these Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm*, edited by J. A. F. Schmidt, appears in a second edition, revised; H. C. Andersen's *Bilderbuch ohne Bilde*, by Professor Alphons Beck, in a fourth edition; and Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*, by Moritz Foerster, in a second revised edition. Mr. Foerster edits, also, Schiller's *Song of the Bell*, &c., and *Peter Schlemihl*. Mr. W. J. Hickie's selection from Grimm's *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* is well chosen and well edited. To these we must add *Emilia Galotti*, edited by Gustav Hein; Goethe's *Egmont*, by H. Apel, and *Iphigenia in Tauris*, by Henry Attwell; and Mr. Arthur Vernon's selection from Schiller's *Minor Poems and Ballads*.

Among recent school books we notice several additions to the "English Classics" and other publications of Messrs. Rivington, Percival, & Co.; Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, "reduced text," with notes by T. Lattimer, two volumes of "Grade I." of the series; *Ulysses und der Kyklop*, by K. F. Becker, edited by W. S. Lyon, M.A., in the "Modern German" series for beginners; *Paradise Lost*, "reduced text," with notes, &c. by H. Millicent Hughes, Vol. I.; the first part of a *New Manual of Geography*, by E. R. Wethey, M.A., designed for oral teaching, in the virtues of which Mr. Wethey is a firm believer; and a sensible *Primary German Translation and Exercise Book*, by Mr. H. S. Beresford-Webb.

Among new editions we have to note Mr. C. T. Kingzett's *Nature's Hygiene* (Baillière, Tindall, & Cox), fourth edition; Professor Alexander Bain's treatise *The Senses and the Intellect* (Longmans & Co.), fourth edition; *Adventures in Mashonaland*, by Two Hospital Nurses (Macmillan & Co.); and a second edition of Mr. William Thynne Lynn's handy booklet on *Remarkable Comets* (Stanford).

We have also received *Essays of State Medicine*, by Ernest Hart (British Medical Association); the third volume of *Cassell's New Technical Educator* (Cassell & Co.); *German Chronicles of War*, selected by Professor F. Lange from Aschenholtz's *Geschichte*, with notes and vocabulary (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); selections from Dr. Gotthold Klee's *Die deutschen Heldensagen*, with notes &c. by H. J. Wolstenholme (Cambridge: at the University Press); *A First Book in Old English*, by Albert S. Cook (Boston: Ginn & Co.); *Betterment, Worsenment, and Recoupment*, by A. A. Baumann (Stanford); *Centenary History of the South Place Society*, by Moncure D. Conway (Williams & Norgate); *Our Lady's Tumbler*, a Twelfth-Century Legend, transcribed by P. H. Wicksteed (Dent & Co.); *A Stock Exchange Romance*, by Bracebridge Hemyng (Digby, Long, & Co.); *The Irish Literary Revival*, by W. P. Ryan (printed for the author); *Good Style, Small Expense*, by Ben Holt (New York: printed for the trade), a description of an excursion to Chicago and the Exhibition; *Discipline: its Reason and Battle Value*, by Lieut. Stewart Murray (Gale & Polden); *Loads for Modern Game Gums*, by "Purple Heather" (Alexander & Shepherd); *The Money of the Bible*, by George C. Williamson (Religious Tract Society); *Regimental Rhymes*, by Kentish Rag (Thacker, Spink, & Co.); *Sprays from Paris*, by Lila Gibson (Fowler & Co.); *The Wanderer in the Land of Cybi*, by Clifford Brooks (H. Cox); *In Various Moods*, by Stuart Livingston (Toronto: Briggs); *Patent alias Quack Medicines*, reprinted from *Hygiene* (Beaumont & Co.); *Gymnastics*, by Sergeant-Major G. S. Noakes (Dean & Son); *Hints to Emigrants*, by E. Wilson Gates, second edition (Self-Help Emigration Society); *The Story Album of Animals* (Wells Gardner & Co.), a capital illustrated volume for children; and the *Report of the Society for the Protection of Birds*.



We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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The successful candidates in all cases will be required to enter to the full course at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the October succeeding the Examination.  
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